

THE ROUND TABLE.

No. 31.—VOL. III.

New York, Saturday, April 7, 1866.

Price { \$6 a Year, in Advance
Single Copies, 15 Cents

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SPRING FISH.

THE commerce of the world would go on much more smoothly than it does if men of business were always as punctual in making their returns as the migratory fishes. Banks suspend, merchants break, politicians deceive; but when did the pearly smelt and the silver-sided shad fail to keep their tacit engagements with the epicurean public? The self-sacrificing spirit in which these and other delicious finny migrants approach the shore at certain seasons, running as it were almost into the mouths of the people, is truly martyr-like. St. Lawrence did not brave the gridiron more heroically. Cold-blooded and obtuse as they are, they must needs appreciate the situation. If they have sense enough to remember the bearings of the rivers where they were spawned, and to find their way back to them across the beaconless ocean as readily as if they carried mariners' compasses and chronometers and "took the sun" daily at meridian, it cannot be supposed that they are ignorant of the dangers awaiting them in port. The veterans of the shoals that, year after year, have seen great multitudes of their kith and kin suddenly caught up from their midst to return no more, doubtless retain a lively recollection of those melancholy casualties. Doubtless, too, they make the facts known to the schools of which they are the patriarchs. Yet, season after season, the gregarious creatures revisit us in shining phalanxes, and make the waters of our bays and estuaries seethe and flash in their efforts to take precedence of each other in rushing, literally, into the jaws of destruction. The phrenologists tell us that the promptings of the organ of inhabitiveness impel these sea-travelers back to the scenes of their spawnhood. Connecticut river shad, it is said, like Connecticut Yankees, although nomadic in their habits, have a fondness for family reunions, and return in spring to their native stream, moved by the same influences that bring the eastern clock-peddlers and other notion-venders back to the traditional turkey, "apple-sarce," and pumpkin pies in the thanksgiving month of November. But there are no substantial grounds for this fanciful theory. The human wanderers return to banquets where they eat, the fish to banquets where they are eaten. The former, especially if they have made money in their dealings with the outside barbarians, are welcomed back with open arms, the latter with watering mouths impatient to devour them.

Under such circumstances the more rational supposition is that the well-flavored migratory fishes sympathize with the epicurean proclivities of man, and hasten shoreward at the season when they know themselves to be most palatable for the express purpose of gratifying them. As a committee of one from the E. A. of G. L. (Earnest Admirers of Good Living) we tender our grateful thanks to the considerate migrants. It is April, and the shad and the smelt are with us once again. The smelt,

however, should be named first in the sequence, for he is the delicate pilot-fish that heralds the more unctuous and richly-flavored *alosa*. Ah! your smelt is a rare creature—framed, as one may say, in the prodigality of nature. He is the smallest of the salmon tribe and the most beautiful—clipper-built, of orient pearl, and sheathed below with a pellicle of transparent silver; a most spring-like fish, too, redolent of a mixed odor of cucumbers, rushes, and violets. Whence he obtains his unfishlike fragrance we know not. Perhaps, when out at sea, he makes his home in those wonderful submarine gardens of which we hear so much. Possibly he feeds on the sea-cucumber and wanders through the purple pleasaunces of the deep, where the madrepores build their fairy bowers and glow the sea-anemones. Be that as it may, he comes to us odorously as "the sweet south, breathing o'er banks of violets." Nor is his savor less ravishing—nay, it is far more so—when, enshrined in a rare compost of beaten yolks of eggs and powdered biscuit, lightly ambered in the cooking, he smokes upon the board. See to it that he be fried in pure, fresh olive oil, and let him not be scorched, for any smelt so overdone is from the purpose of cooking, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to give, as it were, a new charm to nature—as *Hamlet* would have said had it been his cue to lecture cooks instead of players. We have written of the smelt in the singular, but in eating him we pluralize. Six or eight of him, of the Boston size, are about our quantum. Why the largest smelts make for Boston is an unsolved problem, but the fact is patent. It may be that they are compelled thither by that law of sympathetic attraction which is understood to draw whatever is superlatively excellent to that center and axis of the physical, intellectual, and moral universe.

Just as the *petits saumons* are preparing for their exodus from our bays and inlets, enter the *alosa*. A few strong-finned pioneers precede the grand column, each anxious no doubt to achieve the honor of being the "first shad." The serried battalions follow fast in the wake of the single spies, and toward the close of April they swarm in our tidal waters from Maine to Georgia—the meanest running up the Savannah river and the fattest and finest dashing into the Connecticut. Some people suppose that the shad improves while in port. But that's a shallow mistake. The unctuous creature is in its prime condition when it arrives. Then its large eyes are brightest, its silver scales most dazzling, its membranous frillings of the deepest scarlet, and its flesh of the most enrapturing flavor. That it loses its appetite on the coast seems certain, for no shad has ever yet been taken with a bait. A few years ago somebody announced in the papers that it could be caught with a fly made of the wood-duck's feathers, but the story proved to be a *canard*. It has, however, a fatuous propensity for running into *culs de sac* and thrusting its head into flexible pillories, and our *reticularii*, understanding the particular weakness of the tribe, count their captures by tens of thousands.

There be Goths—abhorred of tasteful aristologists—who will hack a shad to pieces and cook the fractions in a frying-pan. The fish should be split open, carefully cleaned, broiled whole on a large gridiron, anointed with fresh butter, and served smoking hot. No condiments are needed except salt and white pepper, for broiled shad hath a savor that no sauce can improve. The more insipid codfish and the dryer bass may require a dash of anchovy or soy to give them zest, but your broiled shad contains within itself ambrosial elements which it were treason to the palate to disguise. Some epicures prefer the fish baked, and really, if the stuffing be judiciously compounded of egg, bread-crumbs, and lemon thyme,

and duly seasoned, baked shad is not to be despised. The barbed bones of the *alosa* are its only blemish; but the man who would forego the luxury rather than take the trouble to weed them out, is a being whom it would be mere sycophancy to call an indolent imbecile.

With the exception of the salmon, no fish of passage better deserves a poetic welcome from the voluptuary than this delicious visitor. So, notwithstanding the fact that the genus affords no sport to the angler, we will venture to drop a few

LINES TO THE FIRST SHAD.

File-leader bright, of a silver-mailed host,
Bound from the fathomless depths to the coast,
Through the broad sea with a rush like the arrow's,
How couldst thou shape a straight course for the Nar-
rows?
Compassless, sextantless, knowing no guide
Save the mere impulse by instinct supplied,
How didst thou manage to get here in season—
Lacking, poor shad, the least shadow of reason?
Where hast thou wandered since midsummer last?
How have thy submarine moments been passed?
What of thy thoughts was the prevalent hue?
Out in mid-ocean things needs must look blue;
Yet art thou plump, as a shad could well be,
Which, in a fish, is a merit *per se*.
Did not thy specie-like scales, bright as sparks,
Draw—as the silver of earth does—the sharks?
Sawst thou the narwhal, like knight of romance,
Charging amain with his terrible lance?
Krakens—did any of these cross thy course,
Tailed like the serpent and maned like the horse?
What of the sirens—while sculling along,
Didst see their silly dupes sold for a song?
How are the mermaids, half green and half gold,
Tales about whom Yankee showmen unfold?
Are they mere jilts, or all constant and moral?
Do the merbabies their teeth cut on coral?
Smile the sea belles when a young Triton pets 'em?
Are shipwrecked sailors their flotsam and jetsam?
Hast thou the cable beheld where 'twas sliced?
When will the strands so long parted be spliced?
Bah! thou art dead, thy last quiver is o'er.
Cook, take this fish, I will question no more;
Broil him for breakfast, the delicate elf,
Then—though now dumb—he will speak for himself.

J. B.

THE ENGLISH REFORM BILL.

IN social life it would scarcely be considered a reasonable thing to expect that a coat made for a boy of ten should fit him exactly at the age of twenty-one. Yet an absurdity analogous to this in the political life of the old world is not only tolerated, but is accepted as a triumph of statesmanship and political tailoring. Up to the present day the disposition of electoral representation made in England thirty-five years ago has been accepted as the fittest disposition for the present time. The analogy which a nation bears to a growing boy has been forgotten or ignored. It is true, a very small minority, composed of men who appear to possess the gift of political prescience in some slight degree, have, time and again, agitated for "a new suit" for the nation; but their clamors have never been backed by influence; the retrogressive party has been too strong for them, and even the nation itself has been content to go about out-at-elbows and in clothes that didn't fit it. The first principle of the English tory party is to restore things as they were; the second, to preserve things as they are. Failing in the former, therefore, they directed all their energies to the success of the latter principle, and, up till now, they have succeeded.

In a former article, entitled "A Glance at British

Politics," it was distinctly foreshadowed in these columns that the time had arrived when the English people were determined to have a change in the present system of popular representation. Earl Russell has fulfilled this prediction by deferring in part to the desire of the people. True to his old instincts as a reformer, but lamentably false to his reputation as a statesman, he has brought in a bill the main result of which would be to increase the electoral constituency of England and Scotland by about four hundred thousand voters. Hitherto the qualification in counties has been a \$250 rental. Now it is proposed to make it a \$70 rental. In boroughs the qualification is, if the bill pass, to be reduced to a \$35 rental. These, with the addition of a clause making the possession of \$250 in a savings bank a title to vote, are the principal features of the bill; and these are the miserable make-shifts with which the government seeks to retain its power, and Earl Russell to reanimate his expiring reputation as a reformer. Half a glance at the provisions of the bill will show that it is really no reform at all. The system of electoral representation is unchanged; the question of the redistribution of seats is untouched; a qualification to vote based on intelligence is ignored, and the only concession made to the people is the addition of not half a million to the electoral constituency in place of at least three millions and a half. Were this bill to pass, the crying disgrace and anomaly of the equal influence of boroughs respectively containing a hundred and a hundred thousand voters would remain; the disgraceful system of aristocratic patronage in the smaller boroughs would not only be unshaken, but would receive an additional impetus; and it would still be competent for a member of the House of Lords to send, if he chose, his butler or his groom to represent his pocket-borough in the House of Commons. And yet this is the reform bill of a liberal ministry, proposed to a liberal parliament, and receiving the assent and support of so advanced a reformer as Mr. Bright! Have the English ministry yet to learn that it is not in the power of a government to keep from the people that which is their prescriptive right? It is true that John Bright ominously told the House that if they did not allow this bill to pass "an accident might happen;" but he might also have told them that the people were not to be deluded by the shallow maxim that "half a loaf is better than no bread," when they have only to stretch out their hands and take all they want.

It would seem from Mr. Gladstone's speech in introducing the bill as though he himself was neither enamoured of its provisions nor very sanguine of its success. It is true the government has a small majority in the lower house; but on a question of reform the exact state of parties cannot be gauged with anything like certainty. The Irish members just now hold a very prominent position because of the evenly balanced state of the two great political parties of the country; they form a sort of floating majority which can settle questions of the utmost importance; and they may elect to side with the conservatives and oust the government; or, should the bill pass the lower house, it may be rejected by the House of Lords, in which case a popular outbreak is almost inevitable. On the last occasion of the passage of a reform bill the upper house rejected the measure three times, and the consequences were an unparalleled public excitement, an *émouée*, and the resignation of the Duke of Wellington as premier. Whether this state of affairs will find a parallel in 1866 remains to be seen.

REVIEWS.

DEAN ALFORD'S QUEEN'S ENGLISH.*

AN American nowadays is not so easily disconcerted as he once was, or it might be no plain matter for him to treat a book candidly which tells him, on an opening page, that the English language has deteriorated in America, with a reckless exaggeration and contempt for congruity that is quite characteristic of our blunted sense of moral obligation

and duty to man and open disregard of conventional right where aggrandizement is to be obtained. We can even read at this hour with some enjoyable complacency of his stigmatizing our "reckless and fruitless maintenance of the most cruel and unprincipled war in the history of the world," a belief the good dean will doubtless remain fast in till the Fenian republic triumphs, if it ever should. Nevertheless, we have found the volume before us pleasant, suggestive, and opening new light in some respects, and altogether not an unprofitable book to turn to—for such of us, at least, as have at heart the preservation of our tongue in its best aspects, and its improvement in others. In the first place, let us look at his charge of the deteriorating influence of our American life and usage upon the language.

In the matter of pronunciation it is admitted, we believe, that the language as spoken has a greater degree of homogeneity with us than in England, and that we have nothing to correspond to the local dialects of their counties, unless it be the language of the southern blacks, which, however, may properly be considered scarcely more than a vulgarized English. It has been held that this comes of our greater intercourse, and the freer exchange of sympathies, and the almost universal habit of reading, which has given the more permanent written language a chance to impress itself; and moreover that we consult oftener, and refer more willingly, to the dictionary than is done in England. This may be apparent from our making for them better lexicons than they produce themselves, and we think will further appear from the numerous instances in which one who professes to teach philology, like Dean Alford, is led astray from the mere neglect to use one.

This habit of reading has given our American pronunciation a tendency to conform more than in England to the written word—a result which they call a drawl, but which has at all events one advantage, that it enables us more readily to catch the slight differences of accent in foreign tongues. If a drawl is our sin, what shall we call the English habit of clipping. Half the South Britons one meets seem, like Hotspur, to be "speaking thick." We submit that *dictionary* with a full, if not a lengthened, sound of every syllable, is somewhat less likely to deteriorate the language, though spoken through the nose, than *dictionary* with a mouth full of hot cakes. One only wishes, in hearing an Englishman throw his accents back as far as he can, that we could accommodate him with a few more prefixes to satisfy his propensities.

As regards the use of words, Mr. Marsh thinks that our people in the mass employ them more correctly than the English, though perhaps not, except in syntactical construction, in the higher classes; while we both, as natives, must give way to the French of the same grade—an opinion Bulwer likewise holds. That we speak more archaically in all classes, and are thereby the conservators rather than the destroyers of the language, we think is beyond dispute. It has been held that it comes of the wide-spread Puritan influence and reverence for the Bible; and Mr. Marsh points out that, in the "old colony" of Massachusetts and in Eastern Virginia, the respective Puritan and Cavalier blood has been so little mixed with successive generations that among these people are preserved many an old word or an old usage long ago dropped in England.

Dean Alford thinks it very "rich," to use his own expression, that any one should dare take exception to Shakespeare's solecisms, and is about as much surprised as he was at the American who told him he spoke with an English accent. Think of a Frenchman being surprised with being told he spoke with a Parisian accent! English insularity will crop out, and the dean has yet to learn that the people who make his dictionaries for him (which he don't use, more's the pity) can well bear his sneer for presuming to suggest there may be another accent than an English one. We are doing among our common people just what Shakespeare did—exaggerating, to the dean's abhorrence. It gives a racy flavor that we like. It is vulgar now to talk of "freezing to" a thing, of a "steep" price, of a "splurge;" but such words are made as Shakespeare made words, and they will doubtless work up into good company. Then, again,

we are doing in our everyday talk just what Tennyson is doing in the language of poetry—we are recovering old usages, more doubtless in our speech than in our writings. Everybody talks about "wilting" flowers, but Lowell has dared to put it into verse. There are a good many other of these dialectic words of the old country that we employ ordinarily, and the usual instances are "spry," "spunk," "slump," "squirm," "lamm" (beat), etc., etc., though our writers manifest a needless repugnance to employing them. In another instance, where the word has got into disuse in England, we restrict our use of it almost entirely to prose (we mean "fall"), giving the synonym "autumn" the preference in verse—a case of euphony triumphing over poetical meaning. Mr. Marsh gives from some English glossaries of Bacon and the Bible a list of words which the compilers thought needed elucidation as archaisms, and there is not one of such instances as follow but any ordinary American would comprehend, viz.: vocation, loth, stuff, fret, whit, beeves, haft, maul (noun), summer (verb). Let us look at a few more of "those phrases which so amuse us in their speech and books;" and, as the dean does not enumerate any, we can supply him with a few, familiar enough to American students, which he, eschewing dictionaries, might be surprised to find archaic rather than our own make. Such is "reckon" in the Bible (in our American sense), and "guess" (the same) in Locke; "clear round" and "fix" (to arrange) in Dampier, 1703; "tonguy" in Wickliffe; "sights of people" is also archaic; and, coming down later, we find Burke accredited with using "pretty considerable" and Southey with "realize" in the Yankee sense. "Sundown," however, is a word we must father ourselves, and we need not be ashamed of it; and there is another usage according to Dean Alford which, if unknown to him, is certainly not so here. He says, "we say the sun goes down at evening, but never that it comes up in the morning!" Again, there is a good old Elizabethan distinction between *shop* and *store* (used by Shakespeare) which is preserved here and lost in England. It is needless to go on with examples so often quoted.

The dean lays it down as an axiom that when you find words losing caste and getting degraded in their meaning you may be tolerably sure there is something going wrong in the people that use them. Take the word *bug* (we have no squeamishness in using it, although we sat for years at Harvard under the desk of good Dr. Francis and heard him substitute *abyss* for *hell* day after day in reading the Scriptures). Its primary meaning is generic and refers to all crawling insects, and in this sense we preserve it. The English have degraded it to a specific, and make it the pest of the bedroom. Shall we consider the accompanying moral degradation of the English people? Take again the word *mill*, a place where grinding and beating goes on—be it grist or fuller's; and shall we hold it a consequence of the normal degradation of labor in that island that it has been reduced to designate also the disgusting encounters of the prize-ring, where ministers of state may bet on muscle and the *Times* report in full? Jefferson talked of *belittling*, a political assembly originated *outsider*, convenience dictated *telegram*, and circumstances required *immigrant*, but we trust they have not degraded us.

Bulwer has said that every great writer corrupts his language a little, and, in a certain sense, he doubtless does. Indeed, corruption is but a regeneration—a resurrection of the flesh in language as well as in mortality; the leaves fall but to enrich a new growth. De Quincey has remarked that every language tends to clear itself of synonyms as intellectual culture advances by giving shades of distinctive meaning to the words that sloughed off these habits of routine; and we may add that, despite the dean's disapprobation, where no existing word can be put to this convenient transformation, the necessities of culture as inexorably demand a new one. We are no advocates of any reckless fabrication of neologisms, but to forbid the habit altogether is to put a clog upon the advance of ideas. It may well be doubted if, out of the multitudes proposed, the Americans are more prone than the English to accept any proportion of them as permanent stock. We are much more inclined to elevate archaisms from vulgar talk into written speech than to make new words, and it is the

*A Plea for the Queen's English: Stray Notes on Speaking and Spelling. By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, 2d edition (10th thousand). Strahan, London and New York. 1865. Post 8vo., pp. 287., xvi.

fate of these with our censors over the water to be ignorantly deemed neologisms.

We have spoken of the dean's inattention to the dictionaries. He seems to have got disgusted with Johnson for his wholesale insertions of words that had no usage to countenance them at all, and eschewed dictionaries ever after; at least, in discussing his points, had he examined them, he would not have fallen into many errors he does. We will instance a few. He says that we can say correlatively *emperor* and *empress*, but not *governor* and *governess*, because the latter word has acquired a distinct significance—that of training children, etc. The dictionaries would have helped him to "the moon, the governess of the flood," in Shakespeare, and other correlative significances dating back even to Chaucer and the time of Henry VIII. They had helped him also to discover that Blackstone is authority—not to name others—for the legitimate use of *belong* in such phrases as "he belonged to London," and have prevented his calling it a mere provincialism. When he says that the use of "to experience" is only "quite recently" begun, he might have found thus an instance in Harte (1700-1774), and another in "The Guardian." When he says that, "unless he is mistaken," the combination "with respect of" does not occur, Richardson would have told him that Spenser says "without respect of riches or reward." When he says the use of the final *e* is only desirable in *bye-ball* (a term in cricket for a ball gone past), he forgets that in "good-bye" there is the etymological necessity of *God b' w' ye*. He is, moreover, careless in his own light when he says the use of the possessive, *its*, does not occur even down so late as Queen Elizabeth's time, and yet adds that it occurs three times in Shakespeare and once in "Paradise Lost." Mr. Grant White could, besides, have set him more minutely right here. The form known in Shakespeare's time was *it's*, and we cannot find that this editor instances more than two examples of even this, and these both in "The Winter's Tale." It is Mr. Marsh's opinion that the final *s* was added first about 1600, and he notes the use of it by Ben Jonson, though that writer does not recognize it in his grammar.

There is another instance of the dean's inconsistency in what he says of the pronunciation of the poet Cowper's name, which the bard himself rhymes with *trooper*—as Lowell indicates in the "Fable for Critics"—and which the dean contends for against custom, because "a man's use is undeniably the rule" for the pronunciation of his name; yet, when somebody takes him to task for speaking of Lord Bacon—that person always calling himself Lord Verulam—he sneers at the demands of those who expect him to run counter to custom. On the ground that he accepts Cowper's pronunciation, he would have to call Shakespeare probably *Shax-peear*. It is certainly very difficult to see why custom should not rule in proper names as in others. Mr. Everett was always very particular to emphasize *Fan-il* Hall, because old Peter Fanueil, as he had heard, called himself so, and that in direct contrariety to the prevalent usage of to-day, whatever it might have been at the beginning of the century, which gives *Fan-il* at least, with a growing use of the full *Fan-u-il*. There was another instance of Mr. Everett's affectation in his speaking of "his illustrious friend, Mr. Wintrop," an elision of the *h* once in vogue, doubtless, but his friend himself would hardly venture to do it now. We have heard that a distinguished member of Congress, from Massachusetts, has affected to depart from home usage in the pronunciation of his native town, and adopt the English *Walt-ham*. These vagaries are unworthy of sensible men.

We part from Dean Alford's book in no captious spirit. We have thought he did not make good his charge—nor, indeed, does he more than charge vaguely—that in America the language is deteriorating. That there is a tendency both with us and in England among the lower order of writers, particularly with the professed humorists and with hasty newspaper writers, to vitiate the tongue by misuse of words and the substitution of an elevated meaning to designate an inferior one, as *residence* for *house* and the like, is most true, but we think not more than has prevailed proportionally with such class of writers in all

times. That they will succeed in adding finally to debased words some that are now clinging to reputable existence tenaciously is probably true; but for every loss in that way we must, in the necessity of the case, have a gain in the other direction. As long as high ideas exist, commensurate words must express them, and, if one set get too low for them, another will take their places.

In "A Plea for the Queen's English" we have much that might be better and more exact than it is; but, as the chance expressions of an educated Englishman on the idioms and usages of his language, it is of much interest to any one desirous of comparing the philological customs of our own people and their national kindred.

J. W.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"Lucy Arlyn," by J. T. Trowbridge, author of "Neighbor Jackwood," "Cudjo's Cave," "Father Bright-hopes," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

WE regret to say that we close the volume before us, after an attentive examination of it, with a feeling of disappointment. We are disappointed not merely because we do not consider this present attempt successful, but because we are compelled to resign the hopes which, in common with many others, we had formed as to the position which the author was destined to take among American novelists. We had hoped, not, perhaps, so much from what he had actually done as from what we believed he had evinced a capacity for doing, that we might expect from his riper experience a more thorough comprehension and a better exposition of American life and manners, as they really are, than we have yet found in any of the authors who have made these their theme. Books on this subject we have without number, but the best of them we believe without exception are special and local in their character, and foreigners still get their ideas of American society in great measure from the "Biglow Papers," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or, more lately, from Artemus Ward's books. We are aware that, until recently, nothing else was possible; but we believe that now the time has come; we lack only the man. If we erred in our estimate of the ability of our author to supply this want, we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that we have many to share our disappointment. That this book has many of the merits which have made some of the previous writings of its author so popular, we are glad to allow. A keen susceptibility to the influences of nature, a generous sympathy with human nature for its own sake, a vein of genial humor throughout, all these he certainly has; and we yield them our cordial admiration. But these qualities, excellent as they are, are not sufficient to insure success in authorship, and we lay aside the book, as we have said, with feelings of disappointment.

The scene of the story is, we believe, not precisely fixed; we may assume it to be in Northern New York; the date is recent. Lucy Arlyn, the heroine, is represented as a girl of unusual intellect, of quick sensibility, and of a deep, passionate nature. Full of irrepressible longings after the unimaginable and the infinite, her restless maiden fancy sighs for she knows not what, and nowhere finds it. Left without a mother at an early age, her father absent in California, she is resigned to the care of a widowed aunt with a marriageable daughter, who does not sigh for the infinite but distinctly wants to get married, and is, perhaps, a little envious of the superior graces of her cousin. In this uncongenial air our heroine, still seeking and finding not, meets with Guy Bannington, the son of a neighboring squire of high degree, who is the deadly enemy of Lucy's father. The young man, too, is no common youth; of vehement passions and a powerful imagination, he has been nursed in luxury and is ignorant of self-control. He, likewise, has a weakness for the infinite; but, with a genuinely masculine liking for a tangible substratum for his imaginings, he accepts this girl as a temporary equivalent; and, after some gentle but pardonable attempts at opposition on her part, an elopement and secret marriage follow. He places her in a neighboring farm-house and pays her stolen visits; but, to deceive his father, who has forbidden the marriage on pain of disinheritorship, keeps up the forms of filial

duty. Meanwhile the young man grows weary; longings for the infinite again begin to show themselves, and he becomes the leader of a body of spiritualists then in the neighborhood who are searching for hidden treasure under the guidance of a half-crazy girl, one of their number, who, led by spiritual mentors, has left an uncongenial marriage, the sanctity of whose bonds she does not recognize, to fall deeply in love with our hero. While these two pursue, hand in hand, their search for things below the earth by means of powers above it, poor Lucy is left alone; her child is born, and she endures at once the ignominy of what the world believes an unhallowed maternity and the anguish of forsaken love. So we are led on from episode to episode, from tragedy to tragedy, till, at last, from Iliad on Iliad of woes—from despair, murder, and sudden death—we rest with grateful hearts in the Fortunate Islands.

In the first place, we do not think that the author has succeeded in disposing happily these exceptional events or in giving them a reasonable air of probability. He lacks art in the management of his story; events do not follow one another in sufficiently natural sequence; the *Deus ex machina* is too apparent, and the effect of the whole is, as we have hinted, episodic. This is a prevailing fault of the book and we therefore offer no special examples. But, if the management of the plot is unsatisfactory, we have still graver fault to find with the characters concerned in it. There is so little that is really new in the world, that we hesitate to say in a given case that a thing is, or is not, original; but we are inclined to think that some New Zealand criticaster (pardon us the word) of a future age will recognize in familiar novels of the present day the prototypes of several of the characters in the book before us. Leaving this out of view, for we do not insist upon it, these characters do not stand before us in that living form which shows the touch of genius. We are given to understand that the heroine is no ordinary girl; that she is of a deeper, stronger nature, more intellectual, more spiritual, to use a much abused word, than is the wont of woman; but do we feel all this when she acts or speaks? She loves extravagantly a hot-headed youth, any girl might do that; she forms high resolves of self-denial, and begins, with becoming gravity, by flight from an imagined temptation (most girls have done that); at the very first sight of the tempter she consents, on grounds quite insufficient, to a secret marriage, with its fruit of certain dishonor, a thing which, we are persuaded, only a very weak and foolish girl would ever do. Subsequently, when deserted by her husband for a crazy enthusiast, who professes the doctrines of spiritualism, but identifies them in practice with those of free-love, she suffers again and again the deepest insults that can be inflicted on woman, only to forgive before she is asked, and passes with a facility that by repetition becomes ludicrous from the extremes of one passion to its opposite. The ingenuity of the author is untiring in devising fresh tortures for this martyred spirit; time and again she stands face to face with death, but she has seen it too often to be terrified, and the impatient reader is compelled at last to learn the same indifference. The event justifies her calculations, but does not prove her to be capable of a genuine passion. Had this effect been intended, it could hardly have been better done. The character is a failure. When she speaks she is weak, when she acts she is unnatural.

We have not time to speak of the other characters at length, but almost all of the more prominent ones are open to criticism on similar grounds. The numerous dialogues between the doctor and his son are, perhaps, the worst parts of the book, and should have been altogether omitted. We should have spoken more fully of what appears at first sight to be a leading feature of the story, we mean the effects of the doctrines of spiritualism upon an imaginative and ill-regulated mind; but if such were the author's purpose, it is carried out so imperfectly and is so often lost sight of in the rush of other events that it ceases to attract the reader's interest, and we, therefore, leave it out of view. We select, in conclusion, one or two specimens of the descriptions of natural scenery with which the book abounds, leaving the reader to judge for himself of their merit. They

may, perhaps, help him to decide upon the justness of our general criticism. Take, for example, what Lucy sees in a single morning's walk:

"Perturbed, pierced with the keen agony of doubt, she arose and threaded the forest. . . . She came out upon an upland field. Before her stretched the eastern range, all glimmering in blue and gold. There, coiling high and white, wound the snake-like mountain road. On the right were the columnar crags, with the pyramidal ruins beneath, just visible above billowy verdure."

Further on she meets with a brook:

"At times by her feet or deep in the fissure beneath her, or now high on the rocks above, the Protean water shifted and shone. It gleamed far off like a white statue in a dark niche. It broke into foam and spray on jilting crags, and gathered itself together again in tremulous, surprised pools. Behind screens of foliage it danced like nymphs in snowy drapery. It dripped in a thousand slender threads from long moss fringes, veiling the blind black front of some cyclopean rock. It lurked dark and shuddering among the great boulders and in slimy clefts. Down long, slant grooves it slid and crawled like cream. It rippled a magic ribbon from the lips of the ledge, as if the hill had 'oped its ponderous and marble jaws' to rival the conjurer's art; and now, through craggy teeth, it gushed like milk."

On the whole we are compelled to say that, judged by any reasonable standard, this book does not entitle its author to claim a first, nor second, nor third rank among American novelists.

"*The Ethics of the Dust. Ten Lectures to Little Housewives on the Elements of Crystallization.*" By John Ruskin, M.A. New York: John Wiley & Son. 1866. Pp. 250.

If any one should take up this book expecting to find in it any instruction on the topics of which it professes to treat, he would be very much disappointed. Mr. Ruskin has got into a way, which was most conspicuously shown in the fifth volume of "Modern Painters," of concealing all his subjects under very fanciful titles, which to him are as significant as he would have us believe are the names of Shakespeare's characters. We remember hearing of a Scotch farmer who bought "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," thinking that Mr. Ruskin had turned his aesthetic sense to practical account, and discovered, to his great surprise, that spiritual and ecclesiastical sheepfolds were the theme of the discourse. "Sesame and Lilies" as little indicated the subject of the lectures, and we doubt if any but a confirmed mystic could tell the reason for applying the title "The Cestus of Aglaia" to the series of papers now being published in the "Art Journal." We regret to see this fault of obscurity and false etymology growing on Mr. Ruskin. If he gives way to it much more it will be necessary to have a commentary or a translation for all that he writes. His faults of style and thought were bad enough before, and now it seems as if, to punish the English for not understanding and appreciating him when he spoke plainly, he were trying to write in such a way that they could not understand him if they wished to.

In imaginative and descriptive passages Mr. Ruskin is hardly to be surpassed; his words are well chosen and have peculiar force, and through the very unconventionalism of his style his earnestness stands forth; his sentences are beautiful, and impress themselves on the memory. But when he undertakes to reason he loses his balance of mind from the very intensity of his earnestness, and his arguments are partly invective and partly impassioned statements. At other times, with much skill, he pursues some favorite idea until he has gone far beyond the bounds of moderation, and sound sense gives place to his fancy. Mr. Ruskin's mind seems to be something like a woman's. He often seizes intuitively on what is right, but derives that conclusion which we cannot help agreeing with from premises that we believe to be wholly untrue and radically wrong. Much of "Modern Painters" is thus rendered very distasteful. This mode of reasoning is very unfortunate, as it exposes great truths to the danger of being misapprehended and disbelieved by those who cannot fail to reject the methods of establishing them, and who see no other means of arriving at them.

During the intervals of production of his greater works, Mr. Ruskin continually threw off small volumes of supplemental thoughts, as if to relieve his mind. These, however, were principally on subjects connected with and arising out of art. Of late he has become disgusted with art, and has devoted his energies to political economy, ethics, religion, the ad-

vancement of the lower classes, and the whole range of social subjects. We are not of those who would repeat to Mr. Ruskin "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*," because we think that all great men are many-sided and that the world will gain something from any effort of such writers, no matter on what subject. Still, we the more regret in his case this turning to other things while so many questions in art remain to be settled as only he can settle them, and so many points to be elucidated with the light which he pours upon all that he touches. What matters it if people generally disregard him and go on with their destruction of natural scenery to accomplish some great end of civilization, and if artists despise his teachings and paint in their conventional way, so long as a few understand and appreciate him and follow his paths, a few that will increase continually in numbers until finally the material Philistine public is reached at last? A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. But Mr. Ruskin is morose and dissatisfied with his work. He is impatient at the hearing he has had, and he is sad over the wrong and distress in the world. He therefore attempts to right it. We honor him for his efforts in the cause of humanity, but we feel that he is incompetent to understand rightly the causes of this evil, or to devise the means of remedying it, and we should rather have him continue in the work which he is most competent to carry on, that of art reform. His "Unto this Last" was a most lamentable failure as a book on "Political Economy"—a subject in which he most loves to dabble.

"The Ethics of the Dust" is better than this, and better even than "Sesame and Lilies," which no one could read thoughtfully without being the better for it. It consists of a series of lectures, the substance of which was given to a school of girls of various ages. The lectures, as here published, consist of familiar and generally natural conversations between the pupils and the lecturer, in which he tells them a little about crystals and a great deal about morality, religion, mythology, history, and duty. They are fresh, thoughtful, and, to children, instructive. Yet the girls seem sometimes much too well-informed and acute in understanding and appreciating their teacher's philosophy—much more acute than most of his readers are; and even in this simple talk he sometimes indulges in flights of words and in verbose perorations that must be beyond the comprehension of ordinary children. Mr. Ruskin here carries to an extreme the analogies so frequently drawn between the processes of nature and the actions of human beings. These crystals, according to him, have their lives, and in them their various characters, their quarrels, their vices, and their virtues. Gold and diamonds are irretrievably and perversely wicked; clay is vile; garnets and mica are sometimes good and sometimes bad; quartz is very good and obliging in its nature. Yet even of quartz each crystal lives its own life, and they are "spiteful or loving, and indolent or painstaking, and orderly or licentious;" some are tired, others are sick, some are deceitful and others penitent, "and sometimes you will see fat crystals eating up thin ones, like great capitalists and little laborers; and politico-economic crystals teaching the stupid ones how to eat each other and cheat each other; and foolish crystals getting in the way of wise ones; and impatient crystals spoiling the plans of patient ones irreparably; just as things go on in the world. And sometimes you may see hypocritical crystals taking the shape of others, though they are nothing like in their minds; and vampire crystals eating out the hearts of others; and hermit-crab crystals living in the shells of others; and parasite crystals living on the means of others; and courtier crystals glittering in attendance upon others; and all these, besides the two great companies of war and peace, who ally themselves resolutely to attack or resolutely to defend."

This is all very beautiful, but the analogy is strained. Much other such talk there is, but there is very little on the subject of crystals proper. We are told nothing of their properties, but little of where they grow, and but little of their shapes or constitutions. We have some descriptions of crystals and groups of crystals, and these are excellent, picturing to us with all Mr. Ruskin's power of imagination and description their exact appearance. There is no method and no completeness. The information which is given is per-

haps correct enough for the purpose, though not always strictly exact. Ruby, for instance, is not "mere indurated clay." As to the various subjects that are disposed of in a sentence, it is impossible to criticise them. The talk about duty and about contentment in knowing what is right for the present, and acting up to it, is excellent. So, also, the discourse on the special virtues of women, dancing, dressing, and cooking; or being always happy, always looking beautiful, and trying to make others so, and attendance to household cares. Whenever the lecturer gets on to political economy he always shows his wrongheadedness. He speaks of gold and diamonds as "the two great enemies of mankind, the strongest of all malignant physical powers that have tormented our race." "Wherever legislators have succeeded in excluding for a time jewels and precious metals from among national possessions, the national spirit has remained healthy. Covetousness is not natural to man, generosity is; but covetousness must be excited by a special cause, as a given disease by a given miasma; and the essential nature of a material for the excitement of covetousness is that it shall be a beautiful thing which can be retained *without a use*." What greater instance of judicial blindness can we select? Gold and diamonds are chiefly valuable as the representatives of value, and for that only are they coveted; because they hold in a small compass the capabilities of all the enjoyments of life. When men have not had gold they have always wrangled about other things, and always useful ones—about oxen and horses and lands and houses, and, more than all, about women, where another passion than covetousness comes in.

Some criticisms could deservedly be made on several mythological statements, and especially on the one that Athênâ was the goddess of the air, with its proof citations from Virgil and Homer, all of them wrongly translated, and willfully so.

But with all its faults we commend the book as a whole, and desire to see it in the hands of every girl able to understand it. It opens an interesting subject in a pleasant way, and contains much that excites thought and reflection which will result in a good effect on character.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

THE most unique in some respects of all the issues of that charming set of little volumes, the "Golden Treasury" series, has just been published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., who are the American agents of Macmillan & Co., its English publishers. It is "The Song Book: Words and Tunes from the Best Poets and Musicians," selected and arranged by John Hullah, professor of vocal music in the King's College, London. The ground gone over by Professor Hullah embraces what may be called the domain of British song, a comparatively small tract in the kingdom of European poetry and music, but large enough to contain four distinct nationalities, and richer in proportion, we are inclined to think, than that of any other people. Beginning with English words and tunes, he gives us copious specimens of Scottish and Irish songs, with a slight sprinkling of Welsh ones, finishing absurdly enough with what he denominates American songs, which are not, what the reader might suppose, selections from Messrs. Hoffman and the rest of our would-be lyricists, but such gems of the burnt-cork opera as "I'm off to Charlestown," "Wait for the Wagon," "Cheer up Sam," and "Old Dog Tray." The best portion of Mr. Hullah's volume is that devoted to Scottish songs, the best of which are unquestionably those of Burns, the Shakespeare of this species of writing. The Irish portion is largely made up from Moore; the Welsh mostly from Talhaiarn, as translated, rather indifferently, by Oliphant. English song is not so largely represented as we could wish, nor so well as we think it could have been. We have, for instance, a number of Shakespeare's songs, with the old music, which we are glad to get, but we miss many old favorites from the musical publications of his time and half a century later; we notice, too, a few oversights, as on page 19, where he credits to "Percy's Reliques" three stanzas of Lord Vaux's ditty, "I loath that I did love;" on page 22, where he copies three stanzas from "The Antidote against Melancholy," "Jog On, Jog On," forgetting to remind us that the first is sung by *Autolycheus* in Shakespeare; and on page 24, where old Nicholas Bre,

ton's pastoral, "In the Merry Month of May," is credited to that omnium-gatherum, Durfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy." Others might be pointed out were we disposed to be critical, an ungracious office which we must decline for the present, contenting ourselves with commending Professor Hullah's beautiful and really valuable collection, the quality of which may be inferred from this fantastic song, which we take to be of the time of Charles the First or Second. It is evidently a country ditty, that

"Dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age."

SONG.

I sowed the seeds of love,
It was all in the spring,
In April, May, and June,
When small birds they do sing.

My garden was planted full
Of flowers everywhere,
But for myself I could not choose
The flower I held so dear.

My gardener was standing by,
And he would choose for me:
He chose the primrose, the lily, and pink,
But those I refused, all three.

The primrose I did reject,
Because it came too soon;
The lily and pink I overlooked,
And vowed I would wait till June.

In June came the rose so red,
And that's the flower for me;
But when I gathered the rose so dear
I gained but the willow tree.

Oh! the willow tree will twist,
And the willow tree will twine;
And I would I were in the young man's arms
That ever has this heart of mine.

My gardener, as he stood by,
He bade me take great care;
For if I gathered the rose so red,
There groweth up a sharp thorn there.

I told him I'd take no care
Till I did feel the smart,
And still did press the rose so dear
Till the thorn did pierce my heart.

A posy of hyssop I'll make,
No other flower I'll touch,
That all the world may plainly see
I love one flower too much.

My garden is now run wild;
When I shall plant anew,
My bed, that once was filled with thyme,
Is now o'errun with rue.

THE will of the late Jared Sparks was recently presented for probate at the East Cambridge court. His property is valued at \$50,000. The only public bequest in the will is that his historical manuscript papers, bound in volumes, are given to his son temporarily, and ultimately to Harvard College, "on the express condition that the said manuscripts shall always be kept together in one case and be opened to the inspection of such persons as are authorized to consult books in the said library, under such rules as will secure their safe and careful preservation, and that no part of them shall ever be allowed to be taken out of the library building."

A CORRESPONDENT who writes from Troy, N. Y., puts the following query to us:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you inform me through your paper where the following may be found?

"Night threw her sable mantle round,
And pinned it with a star."

I have been trying for some months to find the lines, which are not in any dictionaries of quotations.

They are to be found, we believe, in some verses of the "mad poet," Macdonald Clarke, though in which of his volumes we cannot say. We have looked through one of them, published in New York, in 1836, without success. The true reading of the passage is something like this:

"Then twilight let her curtain down,
And pinned it with a star."

Accuracy of quotation, however, is not of much consequence in the case of such a piece of pure bathos.

THE two new magazines which have been for some time announced not being forthcoming, a third is about to start into existence unannounced, apparently with the intention of forestalling its unborn brethren. Its title is "The Galaxy," which does not signify, we trust, that it is milk for babes, of which we have already more than enough, and its object to supply "the best stories by the most distinguished novelists, light essays and sketches, choice poetry, and a careful and readable review of topics discussed by the leading periodicals of the world." This is promising, certainly, and we hope the promise is not like pie-crust, made to be broken. Another feature is il-

lustrations, "from designs by the best artists," of which there are two or three in the figure-line in New York, as, Mr. Winslow Homer, Mr. Eastman Johnson, Mr. Alfred Fredericks, and, *longo intervallo*, Mr. J. W. Hennessy. The first number is announced for the 5th of April. It is to be issued at the good old price of twenty-five cents a copy, by the American News Company, as agents for the publishers, who, so far, are anonymous.

We have received the following communication in relation to our remarks in last week's ROUND TABLE on the trade sale:

TRADE SALE ROOMS, 493 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 23, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: The article on the semi-annual holocaust, as you are pleased to term the trade sales, seems to be an honest effort at criticism. If the rules adopted for the conduct of the sales are sometimes violated, it may do good in calling attention to the subject, and may lead to a reform. Nobody is more desirous than the auctioneers to have the business fairly and honorably conducted.

In the conclusion of your article you make statements that are not warranted by the facts. You say "the coming trade sale will not be a large one." Now the truth is that over three hundred thousand dollars' worth of books are invoiced upon the catalogue. The spring sales are usually light and the fall sales large. An invoice of so great value has never before been offered at a spring trade sale. Again, you say "many of our largest houses are not represented at all." There never before has been a more general representation at a spring sale, and all the publishing houses of importance, *except one*, have given assurance that they will contribute in the fall.

R. M. S.

A FRIEND in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., sends us the following memorandum:

"A clever poem with the title of 'My Vis-a-vis' appeared in a recent number of *Every Saturday*, credited to F. A. White. Who F. A. White may be, to whom related or by whom begot, we have not the slightest idea, but we do know that he or she, as the case may be, is not the author of the *vers de société* in question. They were written by H. G. Bell, Esq., of Glasgow, sheriff substitute of Lanarkshire, and may be found in a volume entitled 'Romances and Minor Poems,' by Henry Glassford Bell. London: Macmillan & Co., 1866. He was for many years editor of the 'Edinburgh Literary Journal,' and is the author of a 'Life of Mary, Queen of Scots,' of which several editions have been sold."

MR. ALEXANDER STRAHAN has lately published the third edition of an interesting work on astronomy, under the title of "God's Glory in the Heavens." A portion of it originally appeared in "Good Words," where, we have no doubt, its unscientifically moral tone was much relished. We have found it readable, however, in spite of this drawback, since it has taught us many things of which we were ignorant, and has refreshed our memory by recovering from it some which we had forgotten. The writer, William Leitch, D.D., late principal and primarius professor of theology in Queen's College, Canada, pays a deserved tribute to the genius of the Danish astronomer, Hansen, who, by the way, is the father of Mrs. Maria Taylor, the wife of Mr. Bayard Taylor, traveler, poet, and novelist. Speaking of the dark side of the moon, and the light which has recently been thrown upon it, Dr. Leitch says: "It is to M. Hansen that the credit of the discovery is due. Mr. Airy, the astronomer-royal, supplied him, no doubt, with the data, but the merit of the solution is all his own. The astronomer-royal has, as it were, dug up from some Assyrian mound a tablet with mystic cuneiform characters, and M. Hansen has supplied the key to the interpretation. The moon is so eagerly scrutinized at Greenwich that any deviation from the prescribed path is soon detected. M. Hansen had already, on more than one occasion, vindicated the law of gravitation, by reducing unexplained lunar irregularities to its dominion. When again applied to, he set to work to discover the cause of the irregularity. The deviation was slight, but if the moon does not keep time to a very second some explanation is required; and on this, as on all former occasions, M. Hansen was triumphant. He has given a most marvelous solution, but one in which all astronomers have acquiesced."

Mr. Strahan has also published a pair of odd but talented books by some anonymous writer, who appears to have written largely for the English journals, mostly criticisms of one sort or another, and who has a way of thinking for himself which is not so common as it should be. We feel, in reading his sketchy papers, that we are in the company of an original, though in what his originality consists it is not easy to say; possibly in his thoughtful common sense and in his freedom from affectations, literary or otherwise. The first of his books, "Tangled Talk: An Essayist's Holiday," consists of some sixty or seventy articles of various lengths, mostly short and on a variety of subjects. If we may hazard an opinion, we should say that the majority of them were extracts from longer articles from the same pen, choice morsels from

bygone banquets. The paper on "Plagiarism" points out a number of resemblances which we have never seen noticed elsewhere; as the lines of Shelley, for instance:

"The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;"

which is certainly a remembrance of Herrick's

"And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying;"

"I have read somewhere that the long-drawn titles of the German nobility were called 'jewels five words long.' But to what a charming new use is this phrase put by Tennyson in 'The Princess'?

"Quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That, on the stretched forefinger of all time,
Sparkle for ever."

And a third example from the same delightful poem:

"These flashes on the surface are not he—
He has a solid base of temperament;
But, as the water-lily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Though anchored at the bottom, such is he."

The original of this simile is undoubtedly to be found in the following passage of Wordsworth:

"Moral truth
Is no mechanic structure, built by rule,
And which, once built, retains a steadfast shape
And undisturbed proportions; but a thing
Subject, you deem, to vital accidents;
And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head
Floats on the tossing waves."

"Tangled Talk" is dedicated to J. M. K., canon of Christ Church and vicar of Highminster-on-Ware, who, it is hinted, is the subject of a sonnet in the laureate's first volume—that of 1830—addressed to the same provoking initials, and beginning,

"My hope and heart is with thee—there wilt be."

The "Essayist" seems to have been questioned as to who "J. M. K." was. "My reply," he answers, "is always this: Read what John Milton says about his friend King in 'Lycidas'; compare it with Mr. Tennyson's sonnet; and then, if you like, consult Bradshaw. 'Ah!' they cry, 'J. M. K. means John Milton King.' Of course, I advise them to go into the anagram line."

The "Essayist's" second work is called "Henry Holbeach, Student in Life and Philosophy: A Narrative and a Discussion." Like its predecessor, it is composed of desultory papers, which, in this case, are of considerable length, the first volume containing fourteen, the second nine, not counting the supposed editor's apocryphal account of Henry Holbeach, in the shape of "First Words," and "Intermediate Words," and his "Last Words," and "Appendix," the last two in the second volume, which is a series of "Controversial Letters" to John Stuart Mill, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Thomas Carlyle, the Rev. Henry Mansel, the Rev. J. H. Newman, G. H. Lewes, Alexander Bain, Arthur Helps, and Matthew Arnold. One of the best papers in the mythical Mr. Henry Holbeach's first volume is addressed "to a Young Lady about to write a Novel." Here is a good paragraph; "In the effort to be truthful in painting life as it is, a large school of novelists have latterly fallen into the terrible error of ignoring nobleness. This is the result of a blunder. It is not painting life as it is, but life as it appears from the dinner-table level—a capital mistake, and a terrible one. Doubtless, looking at life from the dinner-table, or from the top of an omnibus, you may fail to see the man who would not be controlled by a villain who had a workable secret; to see the man whose small failings did not make his goodness ridiculous; to see the man whose goodness conquered in the fight. At the head of this knife-and-fork school—if, indeed, it were not that his greatness entitles him to a place by himself in our literature—stands the author of the most powerful novel of modern times, 'Vanity Fair.' Mr. Thackeray heading, by divine vocation, the reaction against sentimentalism, overdid his work; as is the manner of most of us, or the works would seldom, alas! be vigorously done. If anybody will read a story like Fonque's 'Sintram and his Companions,' and then read one of Thackeray's, he will hardly be able to resist the temptation to analyze a little. How is it that Thackeray has not even sketched or hinted at a character like Folko, Knight of Montfaucon? Is it through defect of virtue, or excess of it? Folko is brave, is gentle, is true; so is Colonel Newcome. But Folko is something else—he is noble. You could not conceive him being cowed by an ill-conditioned old woman, or being haughty to his inferiors; or being, on the whole, beaten in the battle-field of life, and wearing no 'armor against fate' but patience. In the hero, in fact, of whatever type, there is what Mr. Thackeray appears to have had no conception of—a fixed basis of character and will, never overlaid by the circumstances that 'happen' to the man

his affections, his misfortunes, his triumphs, or what not. Nothing, for a moment, makes him ignoble, whatever mistakes may be his. If a meanness cross his mind, a certain half-divine self-consciousness prevents its staining his nature or shaping itself into definite suggestion. He has no afterthoughts, no double lines of motive, no confusion of intent. If his evil genius say to him, through whatever medium,

'Why, slave, 'tis in my power to hang ye'

he replies,

'Very likely;

'Tis in my power, then, to be hanged and scorn ye'

Lastly, his constructions of the conduct of others are as liberal as the air, and in all things he is ready to take 'the will for the deed.' A passage from the paper entitled "To a Young Man about to become a Critic," and we will take leave of Mr. Henry Holbeach: "One of the greatest obstacles to just criticism lies in the warping effects of personal predilection. I do not mean predilection for persons, but individual taste or opinion—idiosyncrasy. This, you will declare, is a very obvious remark; but, pray, permit me to press it a little. See how it applies to poetry. Some people cannot understand the sublime at all—that is a very common defect in these days—but they have a very keen sense of the picturesque, and of analogies between human feeling and the aspects of nature. These people will perfectly understand poetry which makes pictures in their minds by recalling familiar objects, and associating those objects with emotion; but they will not willingly follow what Coleridge has called an active imagination. There are thus thousands of cultivated people who love Tennyson and yet can't make much of Wordsworth or the best parts of Milton. How many, how very many, to whom the 'strong wine' of Shelley's poetry is absolutely without savor! He is too intense for them! I protest to you I find few things more irritating than this want of catholic taste in art. Everybody runs after the writer of his own taste and leanings, and will see nothing in the rest. This is only proclaiming the defects of one's own mind. What I say to those who differ from me in my appreciation is this—I may, of course, be wrong; but the presumption is that I am right, for my circle includes yours while yours does not include mine: You admit that I see all that you see in Tennyson; why can't you have the patience to look again and again at my Wordsworth or my Shelley?"

FOREIGN.

THE Parisian journals are offering odd inducements to their readers to continue their subscriptions. Not long ago *Figaro* announced its intention to present each of its subscribers with a box of oranges; another French paper distributed sweetmeats; and now comes the *Gazette de Bordeaux* which offers, for the sum of one hundred francs, first of all, itself for a year; second, a photograph of the subscriber; and third, five hundred meters of ground situated ten kilometers from Bordeaux, near an omnibus station. This is far ahead of the *Tribune's* old offer of strawberry vines, and the sewing machine premiums of the religious weeklies.

A CASE of critical carelessness has just come to light, in which the *Athenæum* does not appear to much advantage. The facts are that, not long since, that paper reviewed Miss Elizabeth Cooper's "Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart," which it pronounced a specimen of "indifferent book-making," producing, to sustain the charge, a discrepancy between one of her statements and an entry in the "Calendar of Domestic State Papers," which made Sir William Cavendish, who died in 1557, alive in 1559—a wrong entry which Miss Cooper discovered in the course of her researches, and which she proved to be such to the Record Office authorities, who altered it at her suggestion. Of all this, however, the reviewer knew nothing—skipping, as he did, the chapter which contained the fact, and, of course, convicting himself of ignorance.

MR. DION L. BOUCICAULT will shortly harrow the feelings of English audiences with a new romantic play, called "Mary Leigh; or, The Dark Shadow."

THE enormous sum of \$100,000 is said to have been offered to M. Hugo by M. Millaud, the editor of *Le Soleil*, for the use of his new novel, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" as a *feuilleton*, but M. Hugo refused it on the ground that the way in which the book was written would not allow its publication in such installments. His refusal was creditable to him as an artist, but we are certain that no English or American writer would have been guilty of it. He announces that he is writing another novel, to be published next year, under the title of "Quatre-vingt-Trois."

THE French papers chronicled not long ago the great success of an anonymous play called "Héloïse Parankier." It has since been published by the writer, M.

Armand Deschamel, who gives his reasons for concealing his name:

"I gave my comedy to the public without my name because I wished to enjoy myself at their expense; and I did enjoy myself. I heard cries of 'The author! the author!' when the author was in a stall among them. I heard them attribute my piece to the greatest authors of the day. Many thanks. Oh! mutable, incomprehensible public. For twenty-four years I gave you my comedies, dramas, novels, etc., with my name, and you always shut your eyes and stopped your ears for fear of seeing or hearing me. Now that I give you a piece *without* my name you are half frantic to know who I am. Oh! incongruous."

THE question whether a writer of fiction has a right to draw his characters directly from the life has lately been decided against one of the number in France—M. Ponson du Terrail, who had to pay a fine of one thousand francs for showing up his landlord in one of his novels under the name of Grapillard. M. du Terrail must be a clumsy workman, or his landlord a very marked character, otherwise he might easily, we think, have entered the Wellerian plea of "a hallibi." Were such a ruling to obtain in England it would go hard with Mr. Dickens, who is popularly believed to indulge in the luxury of sketching his acquaintances, and who, on one occasion at least, admitted the charge. It was in the case of Leigh Hunt, one or two of whose little foibles were fastened on Mr. Harold Skimpole, in "Bleak House." That Thackeray drew many of his characters from life was always charged against him, and with apparent truth. That unfortunate man of genius, the late Dr. Maginn, figures in one of his novels, "Pendennis," we believe; and Sir Pitt Crawley, in "Vanity Fair," Thackeray admitted to be a real person. The Rev. Charles Honeyman must have been another.

M. GUSTAVE DORÉ must be the busiest man in Europe if the paragraphists are to be believed, one of whom tells us that the number of his drawings had reached forty-four thousand in 1862; and another, that when the work which he has in hand at present—a series of designs for La Fontaine—is finished, he intends to illustrate Montaigne, Plutarch's "Lives," Milton, and Shakespeare, and may possibly illustrate Homer, Herodotus, Virgil, Ovid, Tasso, Ariosto, and the leading Spanish and German poets. The sum which he has been offered for his projected Shakespeare drawings is stated at £16,000. We hope he will not take it, and will not illustrate Shakespeare, who is beyond the understanding of a Frenchman, even of Doré's genius. We shall see, however, what he can do for an English poet when his illustrated "Idyls of the King" appears.

THE refusal of Cambridge University to be enlightened on American matters by a lecturer from Harvard has drawn forth the following squib in the *London Star*:

CAMBRIDGE AND HARVARD.

When Cambridge dons, with Tory air,
Their scorn of Thompson's boon declare,
The world will read their answer thus—
"Shall big U. S. teach little us?"

THE last number of the "North British" contains an interesting paper on the old Scottish poet, Robert Henryson, whose works have just been edited by Mr. Laing.

THE *Spectator* reviews the last novel of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, "Jenny Bell," under the head of "Tigresses in Literature."

"How," it inquires, "did the tigress first make her way into English literature? No novel is now complete, and very few novels are successful, without a specimen of a bad woman of a peculiar kind, hard as steel and as glittering, full of ability, insensible to fear, with the energy of a brigand and a brigand's recklessness of principle. Usually they have some one master passion—love, or ambition, or the craving for luxury; invariably they are exempt from the weakness and purposelessness, and sensibility to small external influences which novelists once thought essential to the delineation of the sex. Nine times out of ten they have odd physical peculiarities, green eyes, or violet eyes, or yellow hair, or sinuous figures, or eerie laughs, or unchanging pallor, and these peculiarities help to enslave the victims whom *primæ facie* one would expect them to repel. They are, in fact, human tigresses, though with the thirst for blood undeveloped—beings of exquisite form and feline natures, who can when driven to bay fight terribly, but would rather spring secretly but relentlessly on their prey. Their attitudes are, of course, varied according to the requirements of the story, and of the few qualities common to all tigers, whether fierceness, or treachery, or lust of prey, one is usually made predominant; but the central idea is always the same—a woman beautiful with weird beauty, but dangerous to every one who approaches her, with a will so intensified that crime produces no remorse, treacherous, greedy, and devoid of human feeling."

AMONG late additions to the National Portrait Gallery in Westminster, is a portrait of Samuel Pepys, the work of an artist friend of his, named Hale, whose progress in painting it he jots down in his diary, recording on one occasion how he sat with his head looking over his

shoulder, nearly enough to break his neck, just to have fine shadows; and on another, how he hired an Indian gown expressly for the purpose of being painted in. His musical taste is shown, or attempted to be, by a piece of music in his hand, "Beauty, retire," of his own composition. The portrait was formerly in the Pepys-Cockrell collection, and subsequently belonged to Mr. Peter Cunningham, who had a wood-cut of it engraved for his "Life of Nell Gwynne." Other late additions to the National Gallery are a fine bronze bust of Warren Hastings, by Nollekins, miniatures of O'Connell and the Princess Charlotte, and, on loan from the National Portrait Exhibition, the Chandos Shakespeare, Catharine of Arragon, and James, Duke of Monmouth.

MR. HENRY TIMBS's recent work, "The Clubs of London," has drawn out a large number of reminiscences from his reviewers, mostly of clubs and clubmen, which he has overlooked or forgotten. One of the former was the "Beautiful Club," consisting only of Cambridge University men, who used to paint dimples on their cheeks, if they did not already possess them. They held, like Brummell, that the neckcloth was the measure of the man, and one of them is said to have remarked, "When I undress at night it is like heaven! But a man must suffer in order to be captivating!"

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, in the second series of his "Curiosities of Natural History," lately published, mentions a singular fact in connection with the eye of the salmon, a section of which, behind the cornea, he found was a magnifier to a greater extent than a pocket lens. Speaking of the salmon, and its return to its customary haunts, he says:

"I marked several fish last Christmas at Galway, in a great variety of manners. On the fin of one I fastened for fun a fourpenny-piece with a hole in it. The net-men who were assisting my operations did not seem to like this waste of money. 'A sovereign,' said I, a few minutes after I had let this moneyed fish into the river—a sovereign reward for any man who catches that fish next season in the nets, and brings him to Mr. Miller.' 'Bodad, sir,' said one of the men, 'we shall never see the money, though we may this fish again.' 'Why not, Turk?' said I. 'Sure he is an Irish fish that's got the money, and he's off to the public-house and spent it by this time, sir. You'll never see that coin again; it's gone for whisky long ago, sir.'"

THE best of the recent translations of Homer, after Lord Derby's version of the "Iliad," is Mr. George Musgrave's rendering of the "Odyssey." It is in blank-verse, and very excellent blank-verse, too, as may be gathered from this passage, descriptive of the flight of Mercury to the garden of Calypso:

"He who Argus slew
His flight commenced, and o'er Pieria's coasts
Aloft upborne—down from th' ethereal clime
Rush'd on the face of the deep, above whose wave
He sped on rapid wing, like some sea-mew
Which, ever as the funny tribe he hunts
In the deep troughs of that great sea whose plain
No harvest yields, oft downward darting prone
His pinions in the salt sea-billow laves.
But when to that secluded isle he came,
The dark sea quitting, he the mainland sought,
And that vast cavern reach'd in which the nymph,
With glossy tresses deck'd, her dwelling made—
And in her presence stood. Upon her hearth
An ample fire was kindled, and from far
The scent of quickly riven cedar logs
And smould'ring frankincense came on the air,
And fragrance genial through the isle diffused.
She with a dulcet voice her song within
Was warbling, and, as o'er the warp she bent,
From side to side with golden shuttle wove.
Around her island cave a thicket rose
Of thriving wood—alder and poplar growth,
And fragrant scented cypress. And at roost
Were perch'd those birds who, with wide outstretch'd wings,
Cleave the mid air—owls, hawks, and long-tongu'd crows,
That live on sea, and in a sea life toil,
And all about the grot extended wide
A young luxuriant vine in clusters shone.
In order ranged, four founts of purest spring,
Each near the other, but to points diverse
Directed, threw their streams, and on soft turf
The violet and the spreading parsley grew."

There is a version of the same passage in Leigh Hunt's poetry, done by him about fifty years ago, when he was a young, light-hearted, rather indiscreet young gentleman. It is not to be compared with Mr. Musgrave's rendering for faithfulness to the original, but it has a flavor, we think, which his lacks:

"He said; and straight the herald Argicldo
Beneath his feet the feathery sandals tied,
Immortal, golden, that his flight could bear
Over seas and lands, like wattage of the air;
His rod, too, that can close the eyes of men
In balmy sleep, and open them again,
He took, and holding it in hand, went flying;
Till from Pieria's top the sea describing,
Down to it sheer he dropped, and scoured away
Like the wild gull that, fishing o'er the bay,

Flaps on with pinions dipping in the brine;
So went on the far sea the shape divine.

"And now, arriving at the isle, he springs
Oblique, and landing, with subsided wings,
Walks to the cavern 'twixt the tall green rocks
Where dwelt the goddess with the lovely locks.
He paused, and there came on him as he stood
A smell of citron and of cedar wood
That threw a perfume all about the isle;
And she within sat spinning all the while
And sang a lovely song that made him hark and smile.

"A sylvan nook it was, grown round with trees,
Poplars and elms and odoriferous cypresses,
In which all birds of ample wing, the owl
And hawk, had nests, and broad tongued water-fowl.
The cave in front was spread with a green vine,
Whose dark round bunches almost burst with wine,
And from four springs, running a sprightly race,
Four fountains, clear and crisp, refreshed the place;
While all about, a meadow ground was seen,
Of violets mingling with the parsley green:
So that a stranger, though a god were he,
Might well admire it, and stand there to see;
And so admiring, there stood Mercury."

The report which has lately gone the rounds that the Marchioness de Boissy, the Countess Guiccioli of Byron's Italian life, had intrusted the poet's letters to M. Lamartine for his promised "Life of Byron" is denied, and it is now said, with what truth we know not, that she intends to use them herself in a similar work. Ignorant as, of course, we are of their contents, we venture to predict that, when published, they will not be found to contain much not already in Moore's "Life," nor to be of any great consequence themselves.

PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM YOUNG, of the *Albion*, which he has edited for the last eighteen years, has severed his connection with that paper and journalism, retiring on the 30th of March. We believe we but express the opinion of the press in this city when we say that we part with him with regret. The *Albion* while under his management was marked by signal ability, besides being honest, straightforward, and fearless. There were times when its editorials were received with disfavor, and made the subject of comment and attack in other journals, which was proper enough, we suppose, though we apprehend that the fact that the *Albion* was rather an English than an American paper was not sufficiently kept in mind by its opponents. Edited by an Englishman, and, in the main, for Englishmen, it could hardly fail to offend our prejudices, of which we have as many, probably, as our elder brethren, and noticeably so during the past five years, when we were divided among ourselves, and not in the best of humor with the rest of mankind. That it would seem impartial to us was not in the nature of things, nor, indeed, desired by many; but that it aimed to be so, we are sure from our knowledge of its editor's antecedents, and his course in other matters, those, for instance, directly pertaining to England, of which he was no blind worshipper. However this may be, by-gones are by-gones, and we part with Mr. Young with regret. In addition to the reputation he has gained as a journalist, Mr. Young is known as the translator of *Béranger*, and as the writer of plays, one of which, a comedy in two acts, was played at Brougham's theater a number of years since.

MR. HOME, the whilome spiritual medium, is said to be in training for the stage, upon which he intends to appear next summer, at the Princess's Theater, where, by the way, "Henry the Eighth" is in preparation for the reappearance of the Keans.

THE late Capt. Gronow, the writer of several volumes of dandy recollections, leaving a widow and four young children entirely destitute, a subscription has been set on foot for their benefit.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL, M.P., and Professors Cairnes and Fawcett have joined the Italian committee in an appeal to the people of Italy for a national subscription on behalf of Joseph Mazzini, who was recently elected deputy for Messina.

MR. CHARLES SWAIN, who has always aspired to the dignity of a poet, and who has some talent as a songwriter, is reported to be in feeble health. As an evidence that he is appreciated in a popular sense, we may mention that the copyright of one of his songs was lately sold in London for two hundred and twenty-one pounds, while a whole opera by Balfe went at the same sale for sixty-five pounds.

M. GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, the author of "Madame Bovary" and "Salambo," is about to publish a new work, "La Livre sans Nom."

It is to M. Arsène Houssaye that we owe the retirement of M. Girardin from *La Presse* after its second "warning," the former, who is a shareholder in the paper to

the extent of some sixty thousand dollars, vetoing a reply from M. Girardin which would undoubtedly have resulted in a third "warning"—in other words, the suppression of the journal.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, fils, is engaged upon a new comedy, the name of which is said to be "Les Hommes Politiques."

A NEW comedy by M. Glais-Bizoin, the independent deputy who is not afraid to attack the government when he thinks it wrong, has just been interdicted by the censors, as a punishment for his opposition to the Emperor. Its title is "Le Vrai Courage," a quality which M. Glais-Bizoin certainly possesses.

M. DE GONCOURT is about to publish a new work entitled "Idées et Sensations."

M. EMILE OLIVER has succeeded M. Girardin in the editorial chair of *La Presse*.

OMAR PACHA is said to be engaged upon a "Life of Alexander the Great," who, under the name of Iskander, is a favorite hero among the Orientals.

MR. WESTLAND MARSTON, the dramatist, has lately written a new play, "The Favorite of Fortune," which is to be produced at Glasgow, after which it is to be played at the Haymarket, with Mr. Sothorn in the principal part.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON have in preparation "Our Fresh and Salt Water Tutor," with illustrations.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS announce "Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ," from the second London edition, and "Captain Castagnette's Adventures," illustrated by Gustave Doré.

MR. WILLIAM JERDEN, the fossil editor of the old "Literary Gazette," has a new work in the press, entitled "Men I have Known."

MISS or MRS. Mary Carpenter has in preparation "The Last Days of Rajah Rammohum Roy," with a portrait and illustrations.

DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH is about to publish a work on "Epidemics, Quarantine, and Contagion."

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD has nearly ready "Charles Townsend, Wit and Statesman."

MR. JOHN TIMBS, author of "The Clubs of London" and other popular compilations, is at work upon "Modern Eccentrics."

MR. J. E. H. SKINNER is about to publish "After the Storm; or, America in 1865."

MR. J. SHERIDAN LE FANU has nearly ready a new novel, entitled "After Dark."

MR. TENNYSON is said to be busy with a new poem, the name of which is stated to be "The Death of Lucretius."

ART.

THE NUDE IN ART.

KELLOGG'S "ORIENTAL PRINCESS" AND LAMBON'S "LADY WITH THE WHITE MICE."

THE two examples of the nude in art now on exhibition in this city, at 635 Broadway, suggest a comparison between two of its most opposed forms, and incite us to express our understanding of what is legitimate in a department of art provoking to unclean minds and unartistic painters—painters who use their talent of imitating nature to expose a naked woman, and who address not our sense of the beautiful, but that morbid animalism which finds its fullest life in nude improprieties, and, insensible to chaste beauty, takes delight in wantons.

Kellogg's "Oriental Princess After the Bath" and Lambon's "Lady with the White Mice" are expressive of very different motives. The latter comes from Paris, and is the work of a French painter, master of every resource of his art but that of richness of color and depth of tone; the former is the work of an American painter with more than common appreciation of the richness and vividness of color. Mr. Kellogg has painted his subject with feeling for its seductive traits, but shows a manifest want of power to bring out its artistic resources. The figure is weak in drawing, badly arranged as a composition, and the pose of the sleeping girl is awkward and unbeautiful, though natural. The "Oriental Princess After the Bath" is the work of a man not sufficiently well acquainted with form to select the finest type, not sufficiently master of it to draw with firmness and delicacy. The glow of gaslight on the picture reveals warm color, which makes a pleasant impression, and the figure of "the Princess," in its principal contours, expresses lassitude and sleep. There is also much careful painting in the accessories, and pieces of drapery are realized well enough to please and attract a vulgar

taste. However, it is not necessary to write about details, for we should be led into considerations of matters unprofitable to the reader, and of no value outside of studios.

We turn to Lambon's "Lady with the White Mice"—a picture so unique, so purely artistic, so far removed from the sensualist's idea of nude art, so odd, so full of contradictions, that, but for its extreme elegance, its manifest indications of a thoroughly well-trained painter, would not only puzzle but amuse the spectator. It is not a simple or a noble example of the nude in art, but it is chaste as marble and fanciful as caprice could make it. We so little appreciate the abstract idea of art, we so little understand the plight of a painter to represent anything but that which ordinary life reveals to him, that it was to be expected such a work would be misunderstood; and, being neither mellow nor seductive, and yet a nude figure, should be rejected by the sense-bound souls that have fed in one pasture all their life. Looking at Lambon's "Lady with the White Mice," we at once see that it is flat, thin, almost papery in surface in parts; that it is hard in outline and without mellowness of color, and that it brings together material utterly dissimilar, and associates things which affront our formal taste. We admit all this, for it is obvious. On the other hand, is not this picture admirable in drawing, and is not the figure of a rare elegance? Is not mere nudity subordinated to the painter's love of long, chaste lines and elegant contours? The drawing is decided and statuesque. But because the figure and objects are thinly painted, because a system of flat tints has pleased the artist, you think to belittle his work and call it Chinese or Japanese. It seems that the art world of Paris have more respect for the latter than you have, for they can be taught by them, and their aim is to appropriate some of their unsurpassed characteristics. But we servile painters, we dare not admit any form of art but the most common; and the only thing we are complacent with is the elegant imbecility of conventional portraits and figures, and formal negative landscapes.

Why must we respect Lambon's picture, "Lady with the White Mice"? Because it is the work of a painter who has a motive and is capable of expressing that motive. His unique picture is unquestionably a work of art, and it addresses our sense of the beautiful; Kellogg's "Oriental Princess" is not a work of art, and it addresses our sense of reality, and the reality exercises not an artistic but a human influence. Has any one the simplicity to think Lambon proposed to make his picture a copy of ordinary nature—that he intended it to be anything but a fanciful, elegant, severe, chaste representation of his idea of naked grace and elegance, and to show that he could make a beautiful thing out of an association of facts almost undreamt of in common art philosophy? It is incongruous, and it is *bizarre*, and it mocks all conventionalism; but shall we overlook its merit and refuse to see rare, exceptional, and even eccentric artistic traits rendered in a severe, positive, and classic form? How long shall prejudice block the path of quick perceptions and blur the eye of a public that brightens only before the likeness of itself! Our people may crowd to see the concert-saloon picture of the "Oriental Princess," and they may admire the naturalness of such nude art; they may continue to take delight in artistic deceptions, in scenic illusions, and honor the painted platitudes of landscape painters and the complete commonplaces of portrait painters; for ourselves, we exact that a work of art communicate a sensation, that it stir us out of inert moods, that it be something. Therefore we welcome the caprice of a painter who unites dissimilar forms and gives us an illegitimate but vital picture; therefore we hail those powerful heads by Ribot, which are astonishing for their vitality, the boldness of their manner, the truth of their local color; but we have only faint praise for "The Oriental Princess," a picture which but for its subject would not even engage our attention. Those of our readers interested in nude art to whom Lambon's "Lady with the White Mice" must always remain *caviare*, and who dislike the weak, meretricious art and manifest sensualism of "The Princess," will find a delightful sketch by Chiffart, called "Leda," in the farther gallery of the present exhibition of pictures by certain artists of the French etching club. Chiffart's sketch is melting and delicious in color, voluptuous and artistic in feeling, neither flat nor cold nor incongruous in effect. It at least expresses the beautiful, and is a nudity somewhat finer than reality. Nude art must be great art; the moment it becomes realistic, or truth becomes more than beauty—that is, fidelity to the peculiarities of the model more than love of ideal form—it is ignoble, corrupting, belittling, indecent.

E. B.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1866.

ENDURING PEACE.

THE wires which, precisely one year ago, thrilled across the continent the exciting news of the prolonged death-struggle of the rebellion, now throb with the no less joyous official tidings of the perfect restoration of peace, union, and harmony. On the second day of April, 1865, the much-enduring army which had so often heroically surged up in vain against the gory intrenchments of Petersburg burst, in a mighty tide, over all barriers, and, before the dawn of the 3d, Petersburg and Richmond were ours. With happy anniversary celebration the President chose the 2d of April, 1866, to proclaim to his people that the long insurrection was ended, the war-cloud furled away, peace reigning in every state, and that now, at length, liberty was everywhere protected by law.

Once again the mind reverts to the horrid chasm of toil, peril, anguish, bereavement, and death which yawns between April, 1861, and April, 1866. The unutterable history of those five years, in which relentless civil strife rent the country in twain from ocean to ocean, shows at what price we have bought the peace now shining over the exhausted though confident nation. Not less wonderful than the war's dread retrospect, however, has been the year which stretches between the surrender at Appomattox Court House and the present hour. Within that narrow compass of a twelvemonth a victory not less renowned than any the war could boast has been achieved in America. The most daring enthusiast did not venture to predict so safe, speedy, and triumphant a restoration of harmony between the once embittered citizens of the Union as has actually occurred. That the armed force of the insurrection could be quelled was sure. But almost as sure seemed a fierce, vindictive guerrilla warfare, lasting months in the Alleghanies, and years, perhaps, across the Mississippi, while in the breasts of the conquered glowed a hate which only centuries seemed adequate to quench. But the real story of the year is so astounding that reverent faith can pronounce it nothing less than providential. By what miracle was so strange a revolution wrought in the whole tone of North and South that they flung away their murderous weapons only to rush instantly to a fraternal embrace? Army followed army in surrender, state after state wheeled into the Union line, and, as if by magic, the frowning structure of the Confederacy, four years erect, grim, and defiant, tumbled from turret to corner-stone, and "left not a rack behind." No guerrilla shot vexed the air. No fierce patriot refused to lay down his arms. No state struggled with state pride against the surrender of what it had hoped to call "state sovereignty." But quietly accepting the decision of the sword, and reading in events the voice of God, the South laid aside, with its arms, its doctrines, its aims, and its cause, at once and for ever.

The popular sentiment of the North was no less marvelously revolutionized. The cry of "subjugation!"—that portentous *vœ victis* which contained

unnumbered horrors in its scanty syllables—ceased before the smoke rolled away from the last battlefield of the rebellion. Wade Hampton told the South Carolinians that, "as conquerors, the United States had the right to impose what terms it chose." We chose to conquer the South again—by magnanimity. No such national generosity is recorded in the history of any nation or any age as that which has crowned our bloody war. Other nations celebrate the repressing of rebellion by turning upon the conquered fire and sword, the rack, the bullet, and the gibbet; broad countries are laid desolate, homes and fields burned, property confiscated, and heads fall under the axe as grain bows before the mower. We had no corps of hangmen stalking in the trail of our victorious legions. We had no Sepoy atrocities, Jamaica massacres, or Arab tortures. Other arts than blowing rebels from the cannon's mouth, smoking them to death in caves, or hanging them without trial are ours. We began by throwing the ægis of national protection over every armed insurgent. We emptied our jails of state criminals. We restored the southern people their rights as fast as they could take them. Before they could ask, we gave them more than they had fashioned their lips to beg. No odious conditions were exacted. Our army, eleven hundred thousand strong and flushed with triumph, noiselessly melted away to a handful, and the presence of that handful was hardly known in the silent garrisons and sentry-beats of the southern coast. In one brief year eleven states resumed their place in the sisterhood of states, and the Union became whole and harmonious. "Peace is itself a conquest."

Exactly on this twelvemonth's extraordinary work rest all our hopes of enduring peace in the future. Had we given to the South such a cessation of hostilities, misnamed peace, as France gives to Algiers, Austria to Hungary, or Russia to Poland, the future would still be dark. Smoldering hate would wait only the occasion to become fanned to fury and break out in fresh rebellion. But if love of country be not strong enough to hold our country together, we have a triple cord of honor, gratitude, and interest to bind the South to us. The transatlantic world, which persistently refused to stand by the Union in our war, overcome by our American method of making peace, would pause before lending sympathy to new insurrection. Slavery is dead. Secession is dead. It was those two elements, inherently hostile to the American system, which arrayed our people against each other. No man in our generation longer believes in the practicability of either slavery or secession; no man in the generation to come will believe in them, even were they practicable. Eliminate these two evils from the nation, and what source of discord can ever again divide it? The words which Shakespeare uses of the happy ending of an elder rebellion befit our own, for "our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountain," and the nation, "like a broken limb united, grow stronger for the breaking."

THE popular impression is that the cholera will appear in this country upon the advent of warm weather. Precautionary measures taken now with a view of keeping the epidemic away at some future time are well enough as far as they go, but something more is needed. The time to arrest the pestilence is now. Vessels which left, in March, ports infected with the disease are arriving here daily, and should be carefully scrutinized, for ere we are aware the cholera will show itself in our seaboard cities. The whole matter depends, however, upon whether the health officers of the various ports on the Atlantic coast are open to bribes or not. Cases there undoubt-

edly will be of merchants who will pay one, two, or three hundred dollars for the sake of getting vessels through which are laden with valuable cargoes. Such persons are always to be found in large communities. That there are many of them we do not believe; but one may do damage which a score of men cannot undo. The matter, therefore, resolves itself into the simple question of the honesty or dishonesty of officials. Upon this it will depend in great measure whether the cholera gains a foothold on our shores.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE NEGRO.

AMONG the most valuable, if not the most attractive, periodicals published in Paris is the "Annales des Voyages, de la Geographie, de l'Histoire, et de l'Archéologie." Established in 1808, it is approaching the sixtieth year of its existence. Its editor, M. Malte-Brun, bears a name which is widely and honorably associated with geographical studies and researches, and not a few of the French savans are, from time to time, found among the contributors to its pages. In the January number of this periodical we observe an article by Count Adolphe de Circourt, which is not without a special interest for American readers at the present moment. It is a critical analysis of Burton's mission to the King of Dahomey. Mr. Burton is well known to us all as one of the most intrepid explorers as well as one of the most popular writers of the day. He was sent by Lord Russell a few years ago to attempt to induce the King of Dahomey to abolish the horrid custom of human sacrifices, which has so long prevailed among those barbarous negroes. In giving an account of this mission, Mr. Burton could not fail to express himself fully and strongly in regard to the African race, its moral and intellectual traits, and its capacities for self-development and self-government. His conclusion seems to have been that the negro was little better than a beast of burden, prepared by nature for doing the work of races more elevated in the scale of creation. M. de Circourt, in his brief but excellent article, resists this conclusion, claims for the negro the essential elements of humanity, and demands from others a respect for his fundamental rights. At the same time, however, he is not less emphatic in opposing the idea that the negro is fitted for taking part in governing a free country, or for enjoying and exercising those privileges and prerogatives which have heretofore belonged exclusively to the white race in our land.

The views of so distinguished and able a writer are worthy of being considered by all who take an interest in the subject. M. de Circourt is well known to not a few of our scholars and statesmen as a person of great intelligence and accomplishments. In the variety and accuracy of his information he has few equals among modern French writers. His contributions to the magazines both of France and of the continent are frequent and elaborate, and embrace a wide range of subjects, moral, political, literary, and historical. We are sure that our readers will thank us for giving them the following translation of that part of M. de Circourt's article which relates to the vexed question which now agitates our country. It is certainly far better entitled to attention than the flippant utterances of his juvenile compatriot, whose "Eight Months in the United States" has furnished the occasion for so many unworthy personalities:

"The population of Dahomey, in respect to language, is a family by itself, quite distinct from the Akreëns and the Achantis, who are its neighbors on the west; from the Haoussanis, who are on its north; and from the Ibboëes and Egbos, who press upon its eastern side. The physical type of this race and its intellectual constitution class it most decidedly among the pure, woolly-haired negroes, with all the peculiarities in the shape of the head which distinguish the African. Now, 'what is the place of this race in nature, and especially in humanity?' Mr. Burton has not shrunk from attempting the solution of this problem. He devotes to it the most piquant and one of the most interesting chapters of his work. We shall not, however, adopt his conclusions, notwithstanding the evident advantage he derives from an actual knowledge of the country which he describes, and from his rare perspicacity in discerning the characters of the populations which he visits. Evidently, to his eyes, the

negro is only an instrument of labor, designed by nature to lighten the burden of existence to races more elevated in the scale of existence. We think, on the contrary, that the essential traits of humanity are found in the negro in a manner to exact from our race a respect for the fundamental rights of these African populations. That which essentially constitutes the man is less exterior form than instinct, less instinct than intelligence, less intelligence than morality. Now morality reposes in the conscience. That of the negro can be awakened, and when the image of truth is presented to it it makes a powerful effort to embrace it—a certain sign that it participates in the divine origin of humanity. It is true that in the state in which we find these populations still left to their own unaided resources this morality lies dormant, or shows itself perverted by abominable superstitions. It is quite certain that of themselves these negro societies, when they emerge from a state of brutal anarchy, have not power to establish anything better than the grossest despotism. Nothing indicates that in the course of ages, if these races remained isolated, they could succeed in any sort of self-development. All their civilization must come from without, and be the gift of races more favored of Heaven. But these other races have hitherto abused this superiority by a conduct towards the Africans so cruel and perfidious as to involve themselves in a fearful responsibility; and we in our day are witnessing the first vengeance which Providence in its inflexible justice is wreaking upon this conduct. Let us hasten to turn aside this just retribution by doing all in our power to enlighten the minds and relieve the social condition of the blacks. This duty fulfilled (and our own security will demand that it should be thoroughly done), it would be to fall wantonly into an illusion refuted by all the verifications of science to attribute to the negro race an intellectual power, force of invention, or a capacity of development equal or even analogous to those which our own race, or even others less well endowed, as the Mongols, the Dravidas, and the Malays, have received from Providence. The teachings of our race are indispensable in order to render fruitful in the negroes the essential elements of humanity which they possess. Their civilization is nothing, and can be nothing but a reflection of ours; it becomes less and less imperfect exactly as it approaches nearer to an absolute copy and as every vestige of their primitive institutions is obliterated. It seems, indeed, extremely doubtful whether in a society exclusively negro the exotic plant of civilization could preserve itself from a rapid degeneration unless it were constantly sustained and refreshed by contact with European elements. The negro soon comes to a stop in his intellectual development, and retrogrades with fearful facility if the course of his studies is interrupted. He oscillates, as it were by instinct, between a careless anarchy and a despotism armed with the most exorbitant prerogatives, of which the first is the regulation and enforcement of labor. In societies where the two races live side by side with each other, the political direction belongs of right to that race which alone can maintain and advance civilization. To reverse this providential order would be the work of a fanaticism which the memory of recent and even still existing iniquities renders but too easily intelligible, and which, as its final result, can produce only the most lamentable consequences, especially for the negro race itself."

HOW TO HELP YOUNG MEN.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of this city, we understand, contemplates the erection of a building for its own use and to be devoted to furthering the objects of the association. The design is, certainly, an excellent one. Too much cannot be done for young men, provided a proper degree of discretion is maintained throughout. While there are many things to be done, there are almost as many that should not be done. Too much is oftentimes as detrimental as too little. Just where the golden mean lies it may be hard to determine without experience, but there are certain considerations which, if not conclusive of themselves, may shed light upon a problem that thus far has proved to be extremely difficult of solution.

First of all, an association like that already mentioned should aim to be self-supporting, or as nearly so as it is possible to make it. This is dictated alike by common sense and sound policy. Each person who belongs to it should be made to feel that he has a personal interest in its success, and this feeling can never be inculcated so long as it is in any sense a beneficiary institution. No young man of any spirit who comes

to this city a stranger, and whose means will not admit of his indulging in the comforts which he sees others around him enjoying, will join an association which proposes to treat him, in a greater or less degree, as a mendicant. Who felt otherwise would be unworthy of the name of man. We have in mind now not those who are oppressed by abject poverty, but those who, by their own labor or by their labor combined with assistance from home or friends, manage to make a living. It matters little how generous or how sympathetic the managers of the association may be, they never can awaken a vital interest in the enterprise, on the part of those for whose benefit it is intended, until the latter are made to feel that its success or failure depends upon them. To insure this the proper mode, as it appears to us, is to require the payment of a small sum annually, payable, perhaps, in monthly installments, which shall entitle the person from whom it is received not merely to membership of the association, but to all the privileges accruing therefrom, to which we shall presently refer more directly. Another reason for this course is, that the members will take a much greater interest in the association if it costs them something to belong to it; thus, the young man who may have to deny himself some gratification in order to pay monthly dues of one dollar will manifest a greater concern for the prosperity of the association than if there were no dues to be paid. The same principle is recognized in all movements of Christian philanthropy. Aid is given to found a new church, for example, and at the same time every effort is made to make it self-supporting, not from any lack of liberality on the part of the founders, but because the members will work far more energetically as soon as they feel that the prosperity of the said church depends upon their own exertions. To help people is an excellent thing so far as it goes, but a better thing is to put them in a position to help themselves. And just this is what the Young Men's Christian Association should seek to do. Let it dispense charity where charity is needed, but always with the object of placing the recipients of it beyond its need.

Another important consideration is that the proposed building be attractive. Let no air of a church or an asylum hang about it. Not but that churches and asylums are excellent in their place, but their place is not here. The building should contain a library, a good reading-room, at least one large hall, a refectory, and, possibly, an art gallery, besides rooms for other purposes that will readily suggest themselves to the reader. The idea in the minds of the officers of the association should be to provide a place for young men that will be even more attractive than the myriad concert-saloons and other vile places of resort with which the city is infested. It should be announced in every way that here is a place to which young men are always welcome, and where by the payment of a small sum of money they can have access to a library and reading-room, find pleasant rooms in which to spend their evenings, and enjoy the society of gentlemen. The social element should predominate also. Every effort should be made to shut out all formality and everything which might put one ill at ease. The members should be made to feel that this is their association; that they contribute to its maintenance, and have a pride in everything pertaining to it.

Some effort should be made to bring the young men who come here as strangers into the company of the other sex. Those who have homes and friends in the city, probably, do not realize how important this is for others who enjoy no such advantages. It is this innate craving for female companionship which leads so many thousand young men into the saloons that are tended by so-called "pretty waiters-girls." The fact that these low places sprung up as by magic and are nightly filled with visitors, shows plainly enough that they administer to a certain want of human nature, however debasing their influence. We must take men as they are, and not as we wish they were; whence it is clear that the surest method of drawing young men from these low places is to offer them something better. This the Young Men's Christian Association has the means to do, if it will only employ them. When it erects a building of its own there will be a thousand ways in which this can

be done. Lectures, receptions, debates, religious meetings—all these tend to accomplish the end in view, and each should be used in its proper place.

We have refrained thus far from any direct allusion to the religious element, which is a distinguishing feature of the association, not because we would ignore it, but because it is too well known to call for special mention in this connection. The considerations that have been urged above are intended to be subordinate to this. If the Christian religion is what its adherents claim it to be, it has within it more elements of real enjoyment than aught else on earth, and those belie its true character who would enshroud it with gloom or make it appear in any way repulsive. The Young Men's Christian Association has shown thus far that it believes in a living, joyous Christianity and seeks, irrespective of sectarian divisions, to gather to itself those who share its belief. In this it is right, and perseverance in this course cannot fail to secure most beneficial results to the community at large no less than to those directly connected with it. This consideration the true philanthropist cannot overlook. What is done toward improving the physical and moral condition of any portion of society benefits society at large as well. It, therefore, ill becomes any one to sneer at the association referred to because of its religious character. No candid mind can observe its aims and the means it is now employing to accomplish them without pronouncing an approving verdict upon it. Mistakes may occur, but they will be lost sight of when the grand result is attained, as we believe it can be and will be by the exercise of prudence, sagacity, and perseverance in well-doing.

THE CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

THE result of the election in Connecticut on Monday probably surprised no one except those who closed their eyes to the campaign itself, and unhesitatingly believed the prophecies of the democratic papers. And yet the extremely small majority given to General Hawley is evidence that the democrats had reason to hope for success. As was proclaimed throughout the canvass, the issue was not between General Hawley and Mr. English, but between the advocates of President Johnson's policy of restoration and its opponents. The latter have triumphed, but by so small a majority that they will have to stop and think, if they would reap the fruits of their hard-earned victory.

As regards the conflict of opinion between the President and Congress, the former has had the important advantage of a clearly-pronounced policy. He has told the country officially and unofficially what he desires to do and what he does not desire to do. Congress, on the other hand, has been unable to do more than oppose what the President advocated. It has been in session four months without developing a policy. Had the members of the majority been wise they would have united upon some well-defined plan soon after the session opened, and thus appeared before the country as anxious for the restoration of the Union, though, perhaps, differing from the executive as to the method of accomplishing it. The close vote in Connecticut is a warning that such a course must be adopted soon or the fall elections may result in favor of Mr. Johnson.

The one lesson of the Connecticut election is this: An earnest effort must be made to secure harmony between Congress and the President. If neither party will yield to the other, each must make some compromise and meet on a common ground. The country demands a settlement of the great question of restoration. A year has passed since hostilities ceased; meanwhile order prevails throughout the seceded states, the authority of the federal government is everywhere acknowledged, and yet, for all practical purposes, these states are without the Union. If Congress dissents from Mr. Johnson's policy, let it propose a policy of its own, that the country may know what it is and pronounce its opinion for one policy or the other. Let us have anything but mere opposition. What is wanted now is harmony, though it involve some concessions on both sides, that the Union may be restored in fact as it has been for a year past in name.

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

I.

WHOEVER would properly and fully understand the "news" business of New York must be up betimes. He must—as the writer once did—kick off the comfortable bed-clothes at three o'clock some freezing cold morning, hastily dress, and wend his way, by street-car or ferry-boat, to that domain of newspaperdom which extends from the *Daily News* and *Staats Zeitung* offices in Park Row down to the *Herald* and *Sun* establishments at the junction of Nassau and Fulton Streets. Passing by the newspaper offices, at the pleasant hour of three o'clock in the morning, we turn into the building occupied by the American News Company. Here the company's porters are continually arriving from the different offices of publication with heavy bundles of papers, damp from the press, which are received and distributed with marvelous celerity to the crowd of newsmen at the counter. A broad counter extending the full extent of the long room is occupied by these newsmen to fold their papers upon, and the scene is one of most exciting interest and activity. Some of these newsmen get all their daily papers at the News Company's depot, others only a part, getting the balance directly from the publication offices, but all find this a convenient place to make up their morning's stock, obtaining their weeklies and magazines from the company's store, No. 121 Nassau Street, which is also open all night long.

But it is now six A.M., daylight is breaking over the city, and the newsmen are nearly all on their way up-town or across the ferries. The heavy vans of the American News Company are rumbling up to the rear doors of the establishment on Theater Alley, where they are speedily loaded, and start off at a round pace to catch the early outward-bound trains. We, also, turn our steps homeward; newsmen and newsboys are our companions in the almost empty cars and ferry-boats, down upon their knees folding and arranging their papers, for they will scarcely gain their "stand" before the first customer, hurrying to his business, will call for his morning paper. Taking the greater part of each edition—or, as the case with many of the New York weekly journals, the whole edition—directly from the office of publication, the American News Company relieve the publishers from the entire detail, as well as the mechanical labor and expense, of distribution. In consequence of the saving thus effected, the publisher can afford to sell to the company at such a discount as enables it to retail to small dealers on the same terms as they can obtain at the office of publication. The newsman, also, is saved much of the running, waiting, and drudgery of his business to which he was formerly subjected.

It is, however, in its facilities for the dissemination of current literature throughout the distant and remote portions of our vast country that the magnitude and usefulness of the American News Company's operations is best exhibited. Along the line of every car, stage, or steamboat route, and in every large city and town, it has its agents and correspondents, from whom every paper, book, or pamphlet can be obtained as soon as published, and who are the distributing points from which dealers and customers in the surrounding country are supplied. As new railroads are extended, the news and the express companies open up their routes hand-in-hand, and where the road temporarily stops on lines in process of construction, the News Company's packages are pushed yet further beyond by means of wagons or stage. The newspaper, that great necessity of American life, thus becomes the *avant courier* of that civilization of which the railroad and the telegraph are the advance guard.

It will thus be seen that the American News Company ranks as one of the most important literary agencies of our country. Although not the only establishment of the kind, it is, *par excellence*, the largest; and, being composed of the very men by whose genius and exertions the business has been systematized and brought to its present perfection, it must fairly be considered as the type of the American news agency business. In order fully to understand the newspaper and light literature business as it was

twenty-five years ago, and the influences and circumstances by which its character and position have been attained, it will be necessary to review in detail the career of the several partners composing the American News Company, viz.: Mr. Sinclair Tousey, formerly of Ross & Tousey; Mr. George Dexter, Mr. Henry Dexter, of Dexter & Bro.; Mr. John Hamilton, Mr. S. W. Johnson, Mr. P. Farrelly, of Hamilton, Johnson & Farrelly; and Mr. J. E. Tousey, formerly with Ross & Tousey.

Sinclair Tousey was born at New Haven, Conn., in 1815, and at the age of ten years was engaged in a cotton factory, where he encountered one of life's rough experiences in the shape of an accident, by which the fingers of one hand were badly lacerated. When he was thirteen years of age he was bound out to a farmer, in what was then known as Central New York. On this farm he passed three years full of toil, and rendered more tedious by the unkindness of the man to whom he was bound. At the end of these three years he returned to Newtown, Conn., where some of his relatives resided, and shortly after apprenticed himself to a carpenter in that village. After a short time, however, with his master's consent, he relinquished this trade and came to New York city, in 1832, and entered a grocery store. But being attacked by the cholera, which rendered that summer memorable, he returned to Connecticut, where, in the following summer of 1833, he engaged to work on a farm at the rate of nine dollars per month. During the fall of 1833, being on a visit to some relatives in New York, he noticed that quinces were commanding a high price in the city markets; and, returning to Connecticut, he invested his summer's wages in that fruit, which he sold in the New York market for double what it cost him. This was his first business speculation, and he thenceforward made New York his permanent home. Theodore Foster, about this time, was publishing at his little office, in Pine Street, reprints of all the English and Scotch reviews, together with Grant's "Great Metropolis," a serial work which then enjoyed a very extensive circulation. Leonard Scott, now widely known as the publisher of these reprints, was then a clerk with Foster, and young Tousey delivered all these publications to the New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey city subscribers. At that day, also, there existed a system of sub-post-offices, managed by private individuals, the letters being collected from these offices, in different parts of the city, and deposited in the General Post-office, which was then located at the Old Exchange, in Wall Street. One of these routes, owned by a Mr. Hoe, and embracing a daily collection of letters from fifty or sixty offices on the eastern side of the city, above Chatham Street, was attended to by Mr. Tousey. One would have thought that his duties were already sufficiently heavy, but he was apparently not at all afraid of having too many irons in the fire, for about the same time he began to serve Major M. M. Noah's *Evening Star*, and subsequently a morning route on the *Jeffersonian*, then edited by Caspar C. Childs. The *Transcript* was started about this time, also, and Mr. Tousey was induced to get up a route for it in New Haven, Conn., and stay there and attend to its delivery. But the public mind in that city was not then ready for a daily paper, and the project did not meet with success. After his return from this unsuccessful enterprise, Mr. Moses Y. Beach sent him on a similar errand, with the *Sun*, to Philadelphia. After several days spent in a faithful but fruitless attempt to illuminate the darkness of the Philadelphian mind with the *Sun's* beams—lodging, meanwhile, at cheap boarding-houses on the river streets at six cents per night, and buying his meals off from the street stands at an average of ten cents per day—he was constrained to shake off the dust from his feet as a witness against the Quaker City, and returned homeward, mortified and disgusted with his want of success. Now, he takes no small degree of satisfaction in the fact that Philadelphia, at the present day, buys over 100,000 daily papers, several thousand of which are New York dailies.

In 1835 the New York *Herald* was commenced by its present proprietor, James Gordon Bennett, and Mr. Tousey became one of—if not the very first of—its regular carriers, his route being that portion of the

city included by Beekman Street, Whitehall, Broadway, and the East River. This he followed for some time, but finally entered the service of a prominent patent medicine proprietor, who, after a short time, gave him the agency of the same for the western states. He resided at Louisville, Ky., for a number of years, and established numerous agencies throughout the West. But, in 1840, yielding to a strong natural inclination for farming, he purchased a farm in New York state, on which he remained until 1853, in the meantime also conducting other business.

In the fall of that year he came to New York city again, and in 1854 commenced business as a news agent, at 103 Nassau Street, as a partner with Ross & Jones, who were then doing a business of \$150,000 a year. The firm continued under the style of Ross, Jones & Tousey until about 1856, when Mr. Jones's interest was purchased by the other partners, who carried on the business under the name of Ross & Tousey, moving in 1857 from 103 to 121 Nassau Street. Finally, in May, 1860, Mr. Tousey bought out Mr. Ross, and the business increased from \$150,000, as done by Ross & Jones, to the sum of \$1,000,000 per annum. During the whole of the period in which Mr. Tousey was engaged in the news business, from 1854 until the formation of the American News Company, he personally superintended the business of the establishment from 3 or 4 o'clock A.M. until 6 P.M. daily.

During the first three years of the late war Mr. Tousey took an active part in all public matters relating to recruiting and other methods of upholding the government. He also contributed frequently to the newspapers and magazines of the day on various important questions before the public, such as "Labor Strikes," "Freeing and Arming of Slaves," "Taxation on Newspapers, Magazines, and other Periodicals," "The Express System," "State Rights," etc., etc. Perhaps the most interesting and important of these articles, which have since been collected in pamphlet form under the title of "A Business Man's Views of Public Matters," is a correspondence which he conducted, as president of the American News Company, with Gen. B. F. Butler, then in command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, in relation to his order placing the monopoly of news and periodical selling in the army in the hands of one individual; in which correspondence the general, to say the least, found his match in argument. Mr. Tousey is one of the original trustees of the Atlantic Savings Bank, and recently elected a member of the executive board of the Prison Association.

In our next issue we shall note the career of Mr. Tousey's partners in the American News Company, the Messrs. Dexter and others.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, March 17, 1866.

MR. LAWRENCE OLIPHANT, member of Parliament, is a cultivated and thoughtful gentleman who has risen to a good position in the literary and political world partly by a fine tact and force and partly by good luck. About the time when the Crimea became the center of all eyes in Europe every one was inquiring about its local characteristics. Mr. Oliphant happened to be the only man who knew all about the locality and the people of it, and, being amply able to put it before the country in a clear and graphic way, he arose from the position of a clever magazinist to that of an able author and observer. Since then he has shown that he is quite adequate to keep the position he had gained. He has been a great traveler, and he has also been connected with the service of the government—once in Canada. He has been three times a visitor and observer in the United States. During the late civil war he regarded the North as being wrong to pay so much blood for the Union. His opinion—and it was held by many of the foremost scholars and thinkers in Europe, in perfect friendliness to America—was, that the North should make sure of the utter eradication of slavery, and then permit the South to try if it could do any better by independence. Such men as Froude and others are convinced that the *real* submission of any part of the Anglo-Saxon race to conquest or to a power imposed upon them is utter nonsense, and have predicted that our success over the South would simply give us a wolf to hold. But to return, Mr. Oliphant went lately to the United States, conversed

much with leading senators and representatives, and with the President and Mr. Seward. He then passed from city to city and from state to state throughout the South. Having returned to England, he has put forth a few copies of a pamphlet entitled "On the Present State of Political Parties in America." It has occurred to me that some account of the views of a man who was an anti-slavery advocate of southern independence, and whose maiden speech in Parliament was in favor of a reversal of Earl Russell's decision on the *Alabama* claim, deserves attention, and I therefore give you a brief review of his admirably written pamphlet. I may premise by the way that it was put forth more than a fortnight before the President's veto. The first thing which arrested his attention on his last visit was the extraordinary leniency of the North towards its conquered enemies. Having witnessed, as he states, every political convulsion of any note since 1848, he was better able to judge the conduct of the North. "Scarcely," he says, "was the war at an end than New York and Washington were swarming with ex-generals and officers from the late Confederate army. Accustomed to the terrorism and secrecy which follow unsuccessful revolts in Europe, I was astounded at the openness with which southern leaders talked of their exploits in public; traces even of their uniforms were still to be distinguished, and any real attempt at concealment was considered quite unnecessary." In other countries he had seen foiled revolters shrinking in seclusion; at Washington they were making terms with the victorious government, and trying to recover their lost political position. Mr. Oliphant actually heard generals who, a month before, had met in deadly strife, discussing at dinner the campaigns in which they had been opposed to each other. The writer then gives a fair statement of the questions between the President and the majority—without deciding in favor of either, except so far as one may infer a decision from the following, which, coming from a recent sojourner in the South, is significant: "The process of cutting a tiger's claws, for instance, is about as difficult as the process of reconstruction. If you want to do it by force, you must be quite sure that you are strong enough to hold the animal down until the operation is quite completed; if you try gentleness, you must be equally sure that while you are absorbed in clipping his claws he won't snap your head off. The radicals say, 'We can hold him down'; their opponents say, 'He will tire you out in the end; we shall have a better chance by soothing and petting.' 'Yes,' say the others, 'and have your head snapped off in the process.' That is the whole question, and a very difficult question it is. It all depends upon the amiability of the tiger. If a sound thrashing is likely to improve his temper, he has had that, and he certainly is tame and submissive enough now. But he carries marks enough on his hide to remind him for life of the punishment he has had, and I have myself observed a latent fire in his eye which, to say the least of it, looked suspicious."

It is, however, in his observations among the negroes and whites at the South that Mr. Oliphant is most interesting. He found the negroes complaining that, no matter whom they worked for or dealt with, they were cheated. The officials of the Freedmen's Bureau were in partnership with planters and oppressed them. His observation confirmed the melancholy view of their situation that has been urged: "I invariably asked every negro I conversed with whether he was better or worse off now than he was formerly, and as invariably received for answer that in some respects he was better and in some respects worse; one man on board a steamer illustrated the difference between his present and former condition as follows:—'If when I was a slave I had tumbled overboard, the boat would have been stopped—I should have been picked up, put by the fire to dry, because I was property, and then given a thousand lashes for falling overboard. Now if I fall overboard, "Oh, it's only a cursed nigger! go ahead;" and I should never get picked up at all.' In a word, the negro used to be a dog with a master, now he is a dog without one." "The thing that puzzles them most is, 'What have we done to deserve it? Why should we be made victims?' " The author cannot quite conceal his disgust at the complaisance of northern men in the South, who are nearly all opposed to any rights for negroes. There is an impression among the aristocracies of England and France that North and South in America are repeating Norman and Saxon of the past, and that President Johnson and the boldness of Confederates at Washington are only adding an illustration that the southerner is the northerner's natural master. Mr. Oliphant's observations in the South lead him to conclude that the negroes are in a bad way. The southerners were unanimous in saying: "We must be perfectly free to treat the negro as we think best—not as you think best—or we must get rid of him altogether."

We cannot risk a Jamaica tragedy, nor do we intend to see a rival population of black aspirants to Congress springing up amongst us. You must either let us control the labor question as we like, or you will see the negro vanish off the face of the earth with a marvelous and mysterious rapidity; our dogma is, this is a white man's government." He has no doubt that if the South be left to legislate as they please for the negro he will be in a much worse condition than he formerly was. He will be borne down by the same special codes as before, without now its being for any owner's interest to protect him as a mere piece of property. He is even now "between the upper and nether millstone, undergoing the process of being ground to powder."

Mr. Oliphant is not the only quondam sympathizer with secession who has forgotten his partisanship in view of the tremendous perils which now environ humanity in America. The *Saturday Review* to-day has a powerful article on American affairs, in which occur the following remarkable sentences: "The rupture which has taken place between the legislature and the executive has revived the belief that the end of the war was only the beginning of political difficulty. While careless and hasty partisans applaud every act which suits their prejudices, graver inquirers decline to accept as conclusive the speeches and votes of excited public meetings. In his strange address to a street assemblage at Washington, the President has proved that he can still, as in former times, be vulgar, violent, and unjust." The article declares that "the federal government, which has brought them (the negroes) into their present state, is bound to interfere for their protection" from oppression, and doubts whether "the legal rights of southern whites are compatible with the moral rights of the negroes."

Thus, when some of the disciples hold their peace, the stones are crying out against the fearful crime against humanity which America is in danger of perpetrating.

M. D. C.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, April 2, 1866.

THERE is a greater troubling of the waters here in literary matters than has been known for some time. Davis, Porter & Coates, of this city, who have not previously published any very important work, announce, to be out on May-day and published by subscription, a new edition of Shakespeare, in one imperial octavo volume of eleven hundred pages, with a steel engraving of the portrait from the burin of Martin Droeshout given in the first solid edition of 1623, and reproduced in Vol. II. of Mr. R. Grant White's edition. It will also contain a view of Stratford-on-Avon and thirty-six full-page engravings from designs by T. H. Nicholson, printed in tints, being an illustration to each play. In fact, the page will be shorter and wider than the regular imperial octavo—the additional breadth allowing the text to be printed in double columns. Every line written by "the immortal Williams" (*vide* M. Ponsard's oration before the French Academy) will be given in this volume, with an original life of the poet, a history of the stage, an introduction to each play, and copious glossarial and other notes and references from the editions of Douce, Collier, Knight, Halliwell, Dyce, Richardson, Hunter, Hudson, and Verplanck. The different readings of the various early folio and quarto editions will enable every one to draw his own inference as to the real text. The notes will be brief, so as not to overload the page, and inserted only where necessary. The price will range from \$6, in what is called Philadelphia library style, with marbled leaves and gilt edge rolled, to \$9 for English half calf antique, and \$12 for full Turkey morocco antique. The editor of this new edition of a poet with whom he was well acquainted has not lived to see it published. It was literally a labor of love on the part of the late George L. Duyckinck, one of the authors of the "Cyclopedia of American Literature," the recently published appendix to which contains his biography, with a portrait on steel. Duyckinck's will be the first Philadelphian (distinctive) edition of Shakespeare.

Mentioning the above work and its binding reminds me of a curiously-bound volume which I lately saw—Shakespeare, edited by Thomas Campbell, the poet, and literally "in boards," the covers being made of portions of Herne's oak, familiar to all who have read "The Merry Wives of Windsor." This monarch of the forest, around which George the Fourth had an iron railing placed for protection from relic-hunters, who already had whittled off a great portion of its accessible parts, was blown down on a stormy night, in 1863 or 1864, and Queen Victoria, as lady of the manor of Windsor Forest, instantly claimed the timber as her property. Mr. Penn, of Stoke Park (in which is the church of Stoke Pogis,

the scene of the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," in the God's acre of which Thomas Gray and his mother are interred), being a neighbor of her Majesty, and held in respect by her for his intellectual acquirements, as well as because he is the lineal representative of William Penn, first "proprietor" of Pennsylvania, was one of the very few favored persons who was presented with a portion of Herne's oak. He gave to Mr. J. Jay Smith, former librarian of the Philadelphia and Loganian libraries, enough of the wood, which is hard and dark, and can bear a high French polish, to make a binding, in boards, for Shakespeare's works, and also a reading stand for the same. Mr. J. Jay Smith—connected with the Penn family through his ancestor, James Logan, who was William Penn's confidential friend and secretary, finally chief justice and acting governor—has long been on intimate terms with Mr. Granville John Penn, and, on his recent visit to Europe, was by him made the custodian of a remarkable and almost unique book, which he (Mr. Penn) then presented to the Philadelphia and Loganian libraries. It is small folio in size, most beautifully printed in the darkest possible ink upon evenly textured paper, and, from its fine binding, with heavy bullion fringe pendant from the ends of four broad ribbons attached to the covers, may have been prepared for or possessed by some great personage in London, perhaps by George II. himself. Only three copies are in existence. It is what, in legal phraseology, is called the "paper book" in the *questio vexata* of boundary line between Penn, of Pennsylvania, and Lord Baltimore, of Maryland. It was very fit that through the liberality of a Penn, descendant of him who laid out the city, and son of an eminent English author (Granville Penn, 1761–1844), this curious book should be placed in the Philadelphia Library, and that it should pass through the hands of Mr. Jay Smith, who is descended from Mr. James Logan, who devised books and lands to the library, and has himself been its custodian. By the terms of that gift (the Loganian collection contained nearly 4,000 volumes, a great number more than a century ago) one of the Logan family shall ever be in charge of the united libraries, viz., that formed by Franklin, the Loganian collection, and the rare books presented by Robert Barclay. The present librarian is Mr. Lloyd P. Smith, in succession to his father, Mr. Jay Smith. The latter, by the way, is author of a couple of remarkably pleasant volumes entitled "A Summer's Jaunt Across the Water," describing in a somewhat diarizing manner his visits to England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, etc., in 1845. From his introductions, connections, and independent means, Mr. Jay Smith had an *entrée* into the best society wherever he went, and the book freely describes persons as well as places. It was published in 1846, as part of "Moore's Select Library," a Philadelphia speculation which ought to have succeeded better than it did, and is not much known out of Philadelphia.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just issued, ahead of the London publishers, Mrs. Henry Wood's new novel, "St. Martin's Eve." It is by far her best production, and the scene is partly laid in France—at Boulogne and its vicinity. An account of a death-reception, in which the corpse of a girl who had died of consumption is attired in bridal garments and placed erect against the wall of a grand saloon—crowded with visitors, as if they had come to see the living—is painfully and powerfully written, besides being true to the letter. Of course there is an admixture of crime and insanity in the plot of "St. Martin's Eve," after the manner of popular lady novelists of the day, across the water.

In a few days a new edition of Lippincott's "Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World" will be published here. It is revised, largely rewritten, and will contain 10,000 new notices of places, with the most recent statistical information, according to the latest census returns (especially the United States of 1860 and Great Britain of 1861) of this and all other countries. Thus the whole number of notices will be close upon 100,000. The additional notices will appear in an appendix, which some may consider objectionable, inasmuch as it sometimes will necessitate *two* references to a subject, instead of learning all about it at one glance. In the specimen number, for example, the article on the city of Buffalo (p. 312) concludes thus: "Prior to the opening of the Erie Canal, in 1825, the trade upon the lakes was of little moment, and could scarcely have been dignified with the [for continuation see appendix]." On comparing the new with the former article upon Buffalo, it will be found to have been entirely rewritten and extended, and the space it occupied in the first edition being here filled with part of the new and longer, as well as later article, the "balance" of it is carried forward into the appendix. The revision is understood to be thorough. The first edition of this "Gazetteer," which is as well known and as highly

valued as any cyclopedic work of its class in the world, appeared in the year 1855. It contained 2,182 pages; the new edition has 2,300. Few books have received so much praise from the highest sources as this. Among those who bore public testimony to its worth may be mentioned Edward Everett and Dr. Nott, Dr. J. E. Worcester and Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich (the "dictionary men"), Horace Mann and Professor J. Addison Alexander, Dr. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, A. D. Bache, of the Coast Survey, William H. Seward and Jefferson Davis, George Bancroft and Washington Irving. During the late war "Lippincott's Gazetteer" was an invaluable *rade mecum* in newspaper offices. A war correspondent, roughly describing what he had seen, heard, or imagined, would sometimes date from some out-of-the-way place of which, in "the piping time of peace," few newspaper men had heard. *N'importe!*—while "Lippincott" was at hand. In a few minutes its pages were turned over, and in five minutes more an account of the place was rapidly re-written, sometimes with highly imaginative additions, though, in most cases, the source whence the article really emanated was not stated. It may be said that "Lippincott" has been more largely used during the war, and less acknowledged, than any other American book.

Here I am calling it "Lippincott's," after the publisher, whereas, with some assistance from other literati, its authors and editors really were two hard-working gentlemen, Dr. J. Thomas and T. Baldwin. In like manner we talk of "Appleton's Cyclopaedia," whereas only the enterprise and necessary capital were found by Messrs. Appleton, the publishers, the work being edited and prepared, with assistance from a large staff of contributors, by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. It has been stated that the novel feature of making a pronouncing gazetteer was suggested by Dr. Thomas. In the preface, as well as in the introduction, he laid down and explained the principles upon which geographical names are to be pronounced—usage, of course, superseding rules. In another work published by Lippincott & Co. in 1864, entitled "A Comprehensive Medical Dictionary," Dr. Thomas gave the pronunciation, etymology, and signification of the terms used in medicine and the kindred sciences. He has been engaged for some time, it is said, in preparing a new biographical dictionary, to be also published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

From this house has just issued (one volume 12mo) a neat reprint of the "Life of Emanuel Swedenborg," by William White, an English author, with a brief introduction by B. F. Barrett, of Philadelphia. It relates the passages in his life with sufficient clearness, and gives a synopsis of his theological and philosophical writings. A stately octavo volume by Lurton Dunham Ingersoll, of Iowa City (his name shows that he is of Philadelphia origin), is "Iowa and the Rebellion," also published by Messrs. Lippincott. It is a history of the troops furnished by the state of Iowa to the volunteer armies of the Union which subdued the great southern rebellion of 1861-5. The separate history of each and every Iowa regiment is here given, with maps of districts and plans of battle; and these records are as good *mémoires pour servir* as the future historian can desire. Lastly, from Lippincott's, is a very pretty volume, one of the "Golden Treasury Series," entitled "The Song Book: Words and Tunes from the Best Poets and Musicians, selected and arranged by John Hullah, professor of vocal music in King's College, London." This, in reality, is a book printed by R. Clay, Son & Taylor, London, and published by Macmillan & Co., of London and Cambridge. Their name appears on the title-page, where, by a curious blunder, the Philadelphia publishers are named as "T. B. Lippincott & Co.," the

first initial being wrong, as Mr. Lippincott's first Christian name is Joshua, which, as far as I know, begins with a J and not with a T.

R. S. M.

COMMUNICATIONS.

CROMWELL BLOOD IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 9, 1866.

DEAR SIR: The letter of your Philadelphia correspondent, "R.S.M.," in No. 25 of THE ROUND TABLE (February 24, 1866) contains the following statements, gathered from the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*:

"The first daily newspaper published in this country was Claypoole's *Daily Advertiser*. Its proprietor and editor is said to have been the last lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell, through his favorite daughter, Elizabeth, who was born in 1629, married John Claypoole, and died in 1658—a short time before the great Protector was called away."

Upon this your correspondent observes:

"It may be doubted whether the Mr. Claypoole above mentioned—even were he a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell's favorite daughter (her death is believed to have hastened his own)—was the last of Oliver's family. Richard Cromwell, Oliver's eldest surviving son, died in 1712, and left no son. Henry had seven children; and his last male descendant and great-grandson, who had been a solicitor, died in 1821, at the age of seventy-nine, at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, where Richard Cromwell (who succeeded Oliver as Lord Protector, but could not retain the office) had died more than a century before, and is buried."

It may be interesting to most of your readers to learn that the blood of Oliver Cromwell still flows in a branch of the Markhams, an eminent English family, tracing a clear and well-authenticated pedigree up to Sir Alexander de Marcham, castellan of Nottingham Castle in the time of Henry II. (a period of 700 years); a family, as Camden, in his "Britannia," observes: "very famous heretofore, both for antiquity and valor; the greatest ornament of which was John Markham, who was Lord Chief-Justice of England [temp. Edward IV.], and tempered his judgments with so much equity (as you may read in the histories of England) that his name will endure as long as time itself." The present representative of this ancient family is William Markham, Esq., of Becca Hall, near Aberford, Tadcaster, Yorkshire.

The Protector married, on August 20, 1620, Elizabeth Bourchier, daughter of Sir James Bourchier, of Fitstead, in Essex. There were nine children of this marriage, of whom one died in infancy: 1, Robert; 2, Oliver; 3, Richard; 4, Henry; 5, Bridget; 6, Elizabeth; 7, Mary; 8, Frances. The eldest daughter, Bridget, married firstly (in 1746-7) Lieut.-Gen. Henry Ireton, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, who died of the plague at the siege of Limerick in 1661, leaving by Bridget his wife one son and four daughters. Bridget married, secondly, Gen. Charles Fleetwood, also Lord-Deputy of Ireland, and died in 1681. Frances, daughter of General Fleetwood and Bridget, was married to Captain Fennell, of Kappagh, in Ireland; and Elizabeth, the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Fennell, was married to Daniel Markham, who served under the Duke of York, and afterwards settled at Kinsale, in Ireland (where a branch of the Markham family is still resident). The eldest son of Daniel Markham and Elizabeth Fennell (great-granddaughter of the Protector) was Major William Markham, who was born in 1686, and is said to have built the first house at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The eldest son of Major William Markham was William Markham, Archbishop of York, who died in 1807, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. This divine, on the last Christmas day occurring before his decease (he then being in his ninetieth year), presented £1,000 to each of his grandchildren. The recipients numbered forty-seven—a fact

which is a sufficient refutation to the late Mr. Claypoole's claim to be considered the last lineal descendant of the Protector, and affording, at the same time, tolerable evidence that the Cromwellian race is not destined at a very early day to become extinct. Among the grandchildren of the archbishop (and, therefore, lineal descendants of Oliver Cromwell) are the present Earl of Mansfield and the Countess of Haddington.

The first governor of Pennsylvania, William Markham, was a member of the same family. In 1681 he bore Penn's proclamation to the new province, which had just been granted the latter by King Charles the Second. At the same time William Markham was appointed deputy-governor of the province, and was the first to open a friendly correspondence with the Indians. After the restoration of his chartered rights, in 1694, Penn reappointed William Markham deputy-governor.

Yours, etc.

SLACK DAVIS.

THOSE "FALSE CALVES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: "About False Calves!" Who ever heard of such things before a recent issue of THE ROUND TABLE? It is ridiculous, preposterous, and impossible! I don't believe any such thing. I have heard of coachmen in the old countries using such articles, or footmen who wear small clothes; but for ladies—*American* ladies—it cannot be possible. If you were as well acquainted with anatomy as I am, you would know that there exists no necessity for such excrescences among even tolerably well formed ladies. Men who are born with *legs* (oh, horrible!) like candles may feel the necessity of using such adornments, but women—never.

Now tell me, whose fertile brain invented that story? and if it is not a story, and "false calves" are for sale, pray purchase a pair for me, and I will learn to wear them, and practice on parlor skates this summer, to be ready by next winter to display myself at the Central Park—no, not myself, but my (bought in) calves. In the meantime, pray relieve the mind of an inquiring

LADY READER.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- LEYPOLDT & HOLT, New York.—Pendennis. By William Makepeace Thackeray. 1866. 3 vols. Pp. 312, 346, 444.
- ALEXANDER STRAHAN, New York.—How to Study the New Testament. By Henry Alford, D.D. 1865. Pp. 355.
- Citoyenne Jacqueline. By Sarah Tytler. 1865. Pp. 499.
- The Tragedies of Sophocles. By E. H. Plumptre, M.A. 1865. 2 vols. Pp. 208, 283.
- The Charities of Europe. By John De Liefde. 1865. 2 vols. Pp. 421, 490.
- The Workman and the Franchise. By Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A. 1866. Pp. 239.
- M. W. DODD, New York.—Cherry and Violet. By the author of "Mary Powell." 1866. Pp. 239.
- HARPER BROTHERS, New York.—Text-Book on Chemistry. By J. W. Draper, M.D., LL.D. 1866. Pp. 495.
- Text-Book on Physiology. By J. W. Draper, M.D., LL.D. 1866. Pp. 371.
- The Lost Tales of Miletus. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P. 1866. Pp. 182.
- Walter Goring. By Annie Thomas. 1866. Pp. 155.
- AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York.—Basil; or, Honesty and Industry. 1866. Pp. 128.
- J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston.—The Art of Confectionery. 1866. Pp. 346.
- The Field and Garden Vegetables. By Fearing Burr, Jr. 1865. Pp. 642.
- LOHME, Boston.—Broken to Harness. By Edmund Yates. 1866. Pp. 386.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—The Song Book. By John Hullah. 1865. Pp. 383.
- JOHN BRADBURN, New York.—Ænone. 1866. Pp. 308.
- T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—St. Martin's Eve. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1866. Pp. 327.
- TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—Lucy Arlyn. By J. T. Trowbridge. 1866. Pp. 564.

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- " 5. I WILL BE GLAD (Quartet). . . . 60
- " 6. BLESSED BE THE LORD. . . . 40
- " 7. TRUST IN GOD (Quartet). . . . 40
- " 8. LET THY LOVING MERCY (Terzetto). . . . 40
- O THAT I HAD WINGS (Quartet). . . . Barker. 30
- LO THE DAY OF REST DECLINETH (Quartet). . . . Emerson. 30
- GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH. . . . Emerson. 35
- JESUS, SAVIOUR OF MY SOUL (Quartet). . . . Wilson. 30

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 Dividend Addition to same... 7,830,925 92
\$91,244,858 92

STATEMENT FOR YEAR.

JANUARY 31, 1866.

The Net Assets Feb. 1, 1865, \$11,709,414 68

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR.

For premiums and policy fees:
 Original on new poli-
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 Renewals... 1,818,654 82
 War extras and annuities, 15,483 64—\$2,988,150 40
 Interest:
 On bonds and mortgages, 351,752 88
 U. S. Stocks... 352,329 52
 Premium on gold... 94,969 66—809,082 06
 Rent... 55,838 34—\$3,853,065 80
Total... \$15,652,480 48

Disbursements as follows:
 Paid claims by death and additions
 to same... \$712,823 71
 Paid matured Endowment Poli-
 cies and additions... 90,999 52
 Paid post-mortem Dividends, Div-
 idends surrendered, and reduc-
 tion of Premium... 58,730 87
 Paid surrendered Policies... 190,691 40
 Paid annuities... 10,242 55
 Paid Taxes... 38,076 52
 Paid Expenses, including Ex-
 change, Postage, Advertising,
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 office expenses... 174,310 94
 Paid Commissions, and for pur-
 chase of Commissions accruing
 on future premiums... 334,255 12—1,540,130 63
Net Cash Assets, Jan. 31, 1866... \$14,112,349 85

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 Cash on hand and in Bank... \$1,475,899 82
 Bonds and Mortgages... 7,348,632 30
 U. S. Stocks (cost)... 4,468,921 25
 Real Estate... 782,307 34
 Balance due by Agents... 36,599 14—\$14,112,349 85
 Add:
 Interest accrued but not due... \$112,000 00
 Interest due and unpaid... 5,084 73
 Deferred Premiums and Premiums
 due, but not yet received... 655,844 30—772,929 03
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Increase in Net Cash Assets for the Year... \$2,312,935 1

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Reserve to reinsure outstanding policies, including
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 Claims ascertained and unpaid (not due)... 122,750 00
 Dividend additions to same... 23,497 64
 Post-mortem dividends (uncalled for)... 29,931 73
 Premiums paid in advance... 11,065 48
 Undivided surplus (excluding a margin on the
 above Reserves of over \$1,000,000)... 218,649 42
 Dividend of 1866... \$2,975,388 58
Gross Assets, Feb. 1, 1866, as above... \$14,885,278 88
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